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Below their cobbled shoes!

Writers, readers, talkers, whisperers, of every rank, age, and sex, exercise this ungentle craft according to their abilities or disabilities, their professions, pursuits, passions, prejudices, their lights and twilights and different shades of knowledge, down into utter darkness. Criticism has become an epidemic; creative genius an affection of the brain most thinly sporadic. We should be little surprised were the latter to wear out altogether, or exhibit itself henceforward under the mildest form—that of "fugitive poems," fashionable novels, &c.—just enough to make us wish such originality, begot by so much sweat of the brow, would disappear for ever, like the Sweating Sickness. But all the brimstone ejected from all the craters of all the volcanoes on earth, would not banish that other *cacoethes scribendi*—which augments with augmenting civilization, because close social contact generates and propagates "itch of opinion." Criticism daily enlarges its circle more and more for disciples of all kinds, as hell is said to do for more and more sinners. Per contra, steeper grows the path and narrower the gate to Invention as to Virtue. At least such are the present, let us hope not permanent, results of civilization. Knowledge advances, we grant—after the fashion of that Irish trainband which intelligently took ground towards the rear, when its captain had ordered it to "advance backwards,"—criticism being by its very nature retrospective and regressive. Critics are the crabs of literature. But it will be said these luminaries of our era progress, like celestial bodies, while they seem to retrograde. True, on the same plea that oxen advance while they tread out grain within the space of a barn-floor, by trampling hither and thither amidst its golden treasure. Yet we must admit them serviceable so far. Knowledge does "march" to be sure (aye and counter-march!) at seven-league strides over beaten ground, but minces her steps when she gets beyond it: once upon *terra incognita*, we might play a Dead March to her movements. She

makes bold ventures, if very brief ones, bytimes, and bears off seven fossil teeth, or ten vertebrae of an extinct lizard's tail—as trophies! Or they are perhaps sculptural fragments from Greece, mummied Pharaohs, potted cats, papyrus scrolls, &c. from Egypt. To how much does all this amount? Why, she finds that which she had lost, she learns again that which she had known ages before. Even in science, what is the grand discovery of the day? A "Principia"? No! A "Novum Organon"? Alas, no!—but a *Daguerreotype*! Not an improved means, like the "Tuscan artist's tube," to develope the sublime features of our Solar System, but to take miniature copies of human visages, sublime or ridiculous, at a single sitting, in two seconds and a half; moreover of feathers, mosses, dried leaves, and similar delicate futilities. Yet this is the philosophical knick-knack extolled as if it were a double-barrelled telescope to display both worlds at once, the present and future! Was there a hecatomb sacrificed, we wonder, on its invention? Let us, nevertheless, disparage no useful contrivance, and even a toy may be turned to use. We trust this grand invention of the age will have its mighty powers directed towards higher ends, and produce advantages more important than delineating with hairbreadth exactness the down on a lady's upper lip, or the master-quill of a tom-tit's pinion. We cited it merely as an illustration. Now-a-days mind seems to flow without force enough to make itself further profound channels, but arrested by the great dam, apparent Finality, is flung back, all save a shallow stream that dribbles through, upon its previous course, and spreads about the regions it had flashed along before; it revisits the native springs of its various tributaries, or meanders parallel to their banks, though still backwards rather than forwards, purling and babbling amidst the roots of the original forests that over-arch them, and cherishing with a thousand rivulets the luxuriant herbage, the unnumbered exquisite wild flowers, nay, the beautiful weeds themselves that sprang there in the vigorous youth of Invention. Then was the time for Isthmuses to be breached, whether terrestrial or mental—then were Straits cleaved by Herculean spirits between deep and deep. A Fifth Continent in speculation as well as in Terra Antarctica, mocks the feebler energies of our modern world to discover it, though we may touch upon its coast.

No doubt there are good and sufficient reasons for this condition of things. The Devil was the first critic, and reviewed God's work itself with impotent malice: when Creation had stopped, Criticism at once began. This seems therefore a natural sequence. But as the fiery hiss of the Serpent could not shrivel up the Heavens, there is as little ground to dread that Human criticism, were it even wholly venomous and diabolical, will bring the four corners of the literary world together. Far otherwise: we consider and hope to prove it useful, proper, nay, indispensable. A critical period ought to follow a creative. Thus, and thus alone, would the wonderful works of the latter obtain, through the means of repeated analysis, a perfect appreciation, a wide, well-founded, permanent notoriety, the full meed and measure of applause due to their excellence. If grand inventions came after one another too fast, without comparative barren times between; if we had every decad new "Newtonian Systems," new "Novum Organons," new "Legitimate Drama," new "Gothic Architecture," new "Glorious British Constitutions," &c. &c., what a deluge of originality would overwhelm our understandings? Most would be works of supererogation. All would, ere they were half used, have fallen into desuetude. Wonder, that

source of delight and spur to inquiry, would cease, from so many wonders huddling one after another. Man profits far more by occasional pauses than continued strain at full speed: he requires a day of rest to every six of creativeness, if not rather to every one,—a sabbatical period in which to review his work done, and see whether it be good or bad, to draw forth all its possible advantages, and feast upon whatever gratification a retrospect of it affords him. Hence the absolute necessity for an age of criticism. This will come, let us like it or no; and those who are born in it must regard it with filial reverence, must be satisfied to live in it—move in it—thrive in it—unless they could creep back into Nature's womb, like little ones into the pouch of a great Mother Opossum, and only come out when they pleased. But few would do so, had they such an alternative. That our age loves its vocation appears manifest from the simple fact of critiques on most publications being aggregated at least, and oftentimes separately,—ten times bigger than the originals; on most modern publications ten times better; while there are many critiques on publications which deserve none whatever; and critiques, too, on critiques themselves, as animals are preyed upon by animalculæ, and these again by zoophytes. This parasitical literature is the more admired for its luxuriance, and the Tree of Knowledge looks more imposing the more thickly it is covered with this kind of dodder.

Let Criticism rank where it may, through its numberless annotations, illustrations, disceptations, and *discretions*, the present world is now beginning to comprehend the past, to appraise its productions artistic, scientific, mechanical, correctly. And this, when done, will form a great work, though not a very grand one. We have ourselves contributed many a mite towards the mass, and here throw in another. But apropos of what, have we written this long harangue about criticism? Half-a-dozen harmless little books upon London sights and suburban excursions! Out of the fulness of the heart the pen speaketh: with that source of inspiration, they serve our purpose full as well as half-a-dozen folios upon the City of Dis and its Elysian precincts. Yet in truth our harangue is far from malapropos, however unproportional: these said little books evince, better than the biggest, how justly we pronounced the spirit of criticism epidemic. Feathers tell better than ton-slates how the wind blows. Such books are an index how deep and wide this spirit must have penetrated and diffused itself among the very humblest orders of intellectuality.

A taste has arisen for exploring the unknown world which exists at home as well as abroad,—St. Peter's of Westminster as well as St. Peter's of the Vatican; Regent's Park in its profoundest recesses, as well as the Bush of Africa or Australia. What but a general pressure from without could have burst through the Chinese wall built by prejudice and pride against the invasions of those Tartars—the people? A million mouths began to roar at once—We have a taste! Latterly, thereupon, some public edifices have been rendered public, most however remaining private as before. Still do the hinges of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey grate harsh thunder—except when opened by a silver key; yet the people has been admitted, with a liberality either gracious or ungracious, to see some few national monuments, museums, and collections, yea to perambulate certain parks and pleasure-grounds, where a keeper and his dog whilom enjoyed the sole right, or privilege, of common. No longer doth the White Tower look ghastlier of approach than the Bloody one; and the staircase of Windsor Palace is now a little more ac-

cessible to un-deified mortals than the Milky Way. Desire for ocular knowledge begetting some desire for mental, numerous Guide-books have in consequence been furnished, if not all demanded. Sight-loving a nation as the English are deemed, what perfect Jobs and Grizzles we must think them, or what stocks and stones, to have so long endured the jealousy that kept out of their view every possible object best worth their notice! Want of such objects would perhaps account for their notorious propensity to stand agape, all mouth and eyes, at the veriest frivolities as prodigies—a glazier outside an attic window as if he were an angel on Jacob's ladder, or a cat upon a roof-top as if it were the Dragon of Wantley. Perhaps thus might be explained, too, in some measure, their penchant for gadding over Europe—for going circuit over the whole globe—while the very same grand-tourists and circumnavigators will lie up as in the stocks or docks at home, less concerned and learned than pedlars, vagrants, or gypsies about their own native towns and shires! However these matters may be, it is certain that since the Lords of the intellectual Pale no longer think fit to bar out the people from all public edifices and enclosures, our countrymen have turned their attention with much eagerness upon the veritable fine sights such places offer, and wing thither, day by day, most busily and noisily, like rooks and daws to corn-fields or fallows fresh upturned. Enthusiasm for the entertainment oftentimes intoxicates the guests before they have imbibed any of its ethereal beverage—their feast of reason is drowned in their flow of soul—they see so much that they observe little or nothing. Nevertheless, if admission were gratis, after frequent visits somewhat at least would stick to their minds, more, we are persuaded, than to their fingers. The age of criticism manifests itself even amongst that orderly mob, to whom mental darkness renders the long corridors of Montague House and suites of Hampton Court apartments, almost as obscure as railway tunnels. Even these visitors pronounce and decide after their own dim perceptions, perhaps with less self-distrust because of their dark estate, being so far at least like Areopagites, who gave more assured sentence in the night-time: Judgment herself, we know, is often painted blind. Throughout the several grades of Curiosity—Inquisitiveness—Inquiry—Investigation—a zeal, either serious or frivolous, prevails to learn something, much or little, about those venerable monuments, and the artistic treasures they contain, which olden times have left us. Towards assisting this harmless *mania* (let it at worst be called)—descriptive accounts of such structures, and catalogues of their contents, drawn up by careful hands, are very desirable, though we cannot call them *desiderata*, as here they come before us, in divers forms and dimensions.

Our arrows have evidently hitherto been aimed at a far broader mark than these little guide-books present, whose pages, indeed, would scarce hold one-half the advertisements alone of the numberless volumes and tracts, topographical, pictorial, archaeological, &c., to illustrate by-gone ages, published within the last few years. Let us now bestow a word or two on the Handbooks themselves—on the latter four at least, as what we have to say in connexion with the others, and with our preceding discourse about Epidemic Criticism, will come better by itself than by way of appendage here. The 'Hand-book for Free Picture Galleries' obtained our favourable notice when it first appeared; we may repeat, that there is no work whatever, but it, which comprises catalogues of the five public picture-collections—at Trafalgar Square, Dulwich, the Soane Museum, Society of Arts, and British Museum. These catalogues are more *raisonnée*

and correct than the correspondent official ones, are more portable, and to their limits every way commodious, whilst they cost together much less than several of the latter cost separate. Towards the improvement of his next edition we would point the author's attention to a catalogue of the British Museum pictures, in the 'Synopsis,' that long preceded his own (which he imagines the earliest ever published); from it he might glean some additional notes, and also from two illustrative articles in the *Times* (1838). His 'Hand-book for Holidays' we may commend too, as far as it goes,—selecting the chief metropolitan and suburban centres of resort, and under each head specifying those often unknown yet most useful particulars: locality, public conveyance, hours and prices of admission, principal objects, explanatory guides, &c. 'A Week in London' sounds like 'Three Days in Africa,' or 'An Hour among the Andes,' so vast is the disproportion between the time and the place; but a general view will often be clearer than a detailed one, and moreover there are many persons, citizens as well as strangers, who must contrive to see London, or look at it, in even less than a week. To what but a prospect from the top of St. Paul's through a dense November fog can we liken, for its dullness and indistinctness, that most chaotic little hand-book, the 'Picture of London'? that most unpictorial picture, though studded with pictures? Being on the subject of guide-books, let us ask why such a very superannuated London Guide has not been superseded? why its publishers have not at least brought it abreast of similar contemporaneous works by the adoption of obvious improvements—relieving its meagre inventories of minutiae, and sterile matter-of-fact statements, with historic, biographic, artistic, and archaeological notices, embellishing it, not with more *cuts* of half-a-dozen New Churches per page, but with more attractive *letterpress*? A Picture of London, which would give its colours and characteristic expression, not merely its skeleton outlines, would present a faithful portrait: a Guide like this is, was, and peradventure ever will be, much wanted. Mr. J. F. Murray, in his 'Environs of London,' makes a laudable attempt to administer his poetical *cum* practical office, as a pluralist topographer, his work coming under the historico-biographic-artistic-archaeologic species above-said. We do not find it to possess any particular super-eminence among its kindred, as regards matter, form, or style, but its numerous wood-engravings rank it among the most handsomely illustrated. Illustrations of a book are, however, not seldom obscurations of its subjects, darkening them with "excessive bright," and we ought, therefore, to pronounce such subjects instead of handsomely illustrated, handsomely obscured. Here, for example, have we little, ugly, old, yet not antique, Kensington Church exalted into an imposing, picturesque, Palladian structure! Believe it messieurs illustrators, or obscurers, smooth, hot-pressed paper, and miniature-neatness will flatter the originals enough, will gloss over their asperities and diminish or omit their blemishes, without your giving false horizontal lines and "effects" to aid in the misrepresentation.

New Zealand, its Advantages and Prospects as a British Colony. By C. Terry, Esq., F.R.S. T. & W. Boone.

Narrative of a Residence in New Zealand, with a Description of the present state of the Company's Settlements. By C. Heaphy, Draftsman to the New Zealand Company. Smith, Elder & Co. *The Colonization of New Zealand.* By Professor Charles Ritter, of Berlin. Same Publishers. As surely as night succeeds day, so surely do the golden beams of every scheme of coloniza-

tion sink, after a few glistening hours, beneath a dark horizon of sad reality. The poor man, forced to emigrate, leaves his native soil with a heavy heart; he yields to the dread of abject poverty; but having his eyes fixed on independence, he can patiently endure the hardships of a settler's life. There is another class of emigrants, however, who play a very different part: these are persons who seek not a refuge, or a last resource for independence, but who speculate on the hopes and necessities of others; they are sufficiently at ease to indulge in the play of imagination; the settler's life appears to them a succession of Arcadian scenes; they trumpet forth the beauty, the fertility, the balmy salubrious air of the new country, and their own imaginative fantasies, which will be sure to remove all social ills from the young community; they sing the praises of enterprise and industry; and finally, with professions of the liveliest philanthropy, they sell their land to the gaping crowd at advanced prices. The new possessors of the soil are now in a situation to turn from the contemplation of that brilliant future which dazzled their senses, and to consider closely the actual state of things, and behold, the vision melts away! the industrious settler finds himself in a wilderness oppressed with dearth, and with little for his money save those hopes and promises which may at any time be had for nothing.

We have already intimated our misgivings respecting the vaunted discoveries in the art of colonization. An association, or company, pounces on a new country for the purpose of selling it again, and to justify this forestalling, they exclaim that they have hit on the true plan of successful colonization, which is, to sell the land at a high price, and to warrant a supply of labour. But why not sell the land at the first cost to the labourers themselves? Aye, but we wish to draw capital. Indeed! Your desire to encourage capital betrays the true character of your philanthropy. The immediate object of emigration ought to be to increase, not the aggregate wealth, but the happiness of society. Our body politic is distempered, not from want of wealth, but from the imperfect distribution of it; nor would its cure be in the least degree promoted, although a million of money made by the purchase and sale of land, flowed into it from each island in the South Sea. The colony, which is constituted in the first instance of two widely separated classes, namely, rich proprietors and mere labourers, starts into life with a precociousness which threatens, we think, an early corruption and decline. Our doubts as to the all-sufficiency of the new system, have been already confirmed by experience. Mr. Terry concludes his excellent volume on New Zealand with prescribing certain remedies (not of so practical a character as we could wish,) for the growing ills of that country, and then he adds, that if those remedies be not applied, "the colony will, so soon as the present *Eldorado* halo is dispelled by common sense and truth, rapidly retrograde into its former insignificance and obscurity."

Mr. Terry has visited New Zealand for the purpose of gathering authentic information. He has seen the working of the new system, and he has written a volume containing so much important and judiciously selected matter, with a judgment so calm and impartial, and so free from the bias of selfish interests, that its publication at the present juncture, of affairs appears to us to be a fortunate event. It may be the means of saving many intending emigrants from ruin. Mr. Heaphy's narrative is the work of one who has completely embarked in the New Zealand Company's speculation. He belongs to the school of the "honest haters," and believes that all evil originates in the existence of the party to

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which he is adverse. In the present case he attributes the disappointments of the colonists wholly to the government and the missionaries. The little work of Karl Ritter, which stands last on our list, is of a cosmopolitan and somewhat vulgar character. As Mr. Terry shows us the point of view from which the government, or an impartial and intelligent spectator should observe the proceedings of the new colony—while Mr. Heaphy exhibits to us the hopes and passions which actuated the adherents of the new system—so Karl Ritter personates the deluded multitude, caught by sounding phrases, mistaking romance for reality, and affecting to see into futurity while blind to the true character of what takes place before their eyes.

In these three works there is little novelty, and no entertaining anecdote. The days of adventure seem to have already gone by in New Zealand. Our authors deal only with the present posture of colonial affairs. It is known to all, that the bold proceedings of the New Zealand Company determined Her Majesty's government to interpose, and to declare her sovereignty over the islands of New Zealand. The purchase of land from the natives by private adventurers was thus put a stop to. A lieutenant governor was sent to the northern island, New Zealand being made subordinate to New South Wales, but it was soon afterwards erected into a separate colony, independent of the latter. The New Zealand Company fixed upon Cook's Straits, between the two great islands, as the scene of its operations. Its first settlement was in Port Nicholson, on the northern side of the Straits; and it has since founded a town in Port Nelson, on the opposite or southern side. The lieutenant governor (or, as he is now styled, the governor), on the other hand, chose for the site of his capital the rocky Isthmus of Waitemata, 200 miles north of Cook's Straits. This determination on his part to keep aloof from the Company's settlements, and to found a rival establishment, as it were, was regarded by the settlers as an act of hostility. The mutual reproaches of the contending parties are not deserving of being placed on record; but it is worthy of remark, that each represented the country selected by the other in the most unfavourable light, so that the most conflicting and irreconcileable statements have gone forth respecting the physical circumstances of the rival settlements. Waitemata, where Auckland, the seat of government, is situate, has been described as bare rock, sprinkled with the ocean surf. Mr. Terry gives a more complete account of the capital of New Zealand, describing the numerous bays, harbours, creeks and rivers in its vicinity, and sums up in these words:—

"The site of the town of Auckland is certainly judiciously chosen for a seat of Government, and for a central dépôt of the various products, hereafter, from the different parts of the Northern Island. Inspection of the chart will shew what easy and extensive communication there is coastwise for small vessels, without experiencing the danger of the open seas."

It is on the banks of the rivers which flow into the harbour of Waitemata, that the Kauri (Norfolk Island Pine) chiefly abounds. In most of the works on New Zealand the forests of this tree have been spoken of as sources of inexhaustible wealth. But Mr. Terry takes a soberer view of the subject, and shows that the timber of that country can never repay the exporter either to England or New South Wales.

"The Kauri," he observes, "which is the principal wood shipped, grows on high mountains in the depths of forests, except in very rare instances, and requires immense manual labour, for no other can be applied in such spots, to bring the spars and logs from the woods. The natives, from their numbers, sometimes as many as two hundred, have hitherto been em-

ployed in this arduous labour: for frequently trees are felled two or three miles back in the woods, and then have to be dragged up and down ravines, and across swamps, to the saw-pit, to be cut into plank, or to a creek or river, whence it is floated to the vessel for shipment. For this service, formerly, a very small remuneration to the chief only of a tribe was considered ample, with a little tobacco among the whole of the labourers; but now the natives will not work unless individually paid, and that at a high rate; and the European sawyers, who formerly were glad to work at the rate of six shillings per 100 feet, now obtain the exorbitant wages of sixteen shillings, and stipulate that the logs shall be placed on the pit for them. In Norway, Russia, and Canada, the foresters have the advantage of the season of icy snows, during which time only they attempt to transport the fruits of their summer labour from the wooded mountains to the banks of the rivers, which the thaws of returning spring swell and increase, and the timber is floated without labour from the banks, and rafted quickly down, for hundreds of miles, to ports for exportation. Not so in New Zealand. The perpetual vegetation of the forests, and the certain frequent rains throughout the year, keeping the low grounds always swampy, renders the transit of timber from the forest a task most difficult and expensive."

After describing the process of dragging a kauri tree 150 feet in length and 25 feet in circumference at the base, for miles across brakes and glens and over deep swamps, he affords us this brief glimpse of the father of the forest:—

"It is in the forests on this ridge of mountains on the eastern coast, near Mercury Bay, that the largest Kauri tree in New Zealand is growing. It is called by the natives the Father of the Kauri. Although almost incredible, it measures seventy-five feet in circumference at its base. The height is unknown, for the surrounding forest is so thick, it is impossible to ascertain it accurately. There is an arm some distance up the tree, which measures six feet in diameter at its junction with the parent trunk."

Besides the timber, the great staple commodity of New Zealand is supposed to be the *phormium tenax*, or, as it is commonly called, flax. But the trade in this article is, in fact, still less prosperous than that in timber. The natives have ceased to prepare it for market, finding their wants abundantly supplied with less fatiguing industry; and the result of the trials given in the navy to cordage of New Zealand flax has proved unfavourable to it. It must be manufactured cheaper and better before it can compete with hemp. The business of the whalers on those coasts has also declined; and indeed, Mr. Heaphy reveals much discouraging truth in the following observation:—

"It is a circumstance much to be deplored, that the indecisive, yet threatening conduct of the government towards the settlers in the early days of the colony, should have so damped their spirit and enterprise, as to cause them to turn their attention and capital almost exclusively to mercantile affairs, rather than to the clearing and cultivation of land, which was then deemed a hazardous and insecure investment of capital. Fortunately, however, this idea has now changed for a more rational one, in consequence of the 'Title' question being settled, and the proprietors being in possession of their land. They now seem to perceive, that it is from the soil alone, that they can ever expect to obtain wealth, and that the system of intertrading must in the end prove ruinous."

Now, it is certain, that in all our other colonies, and in new settlements generally, the rapid accumulation of wealth falls to the lot of the trader; the landholder is rich in hopes alone, and trusts to the future for their realization. Time and population and accumulated labour are requisite to give a value to his acres. Are we to believe, then, that agriculture is so anomalously profitable in New Zealand? or must we not rather conclude, that it has merely the advantage of being as yet untried? Mr. Terry's impartial pages will enable us to solve this difficulty. We there find as follows:—

"The exaggerated statements circulated in England of the colony and its productions, soil, and climate, have led generally to the very erroneous impression and opinion, that the necessities, and even more, as regards food, would be abundant and cheap. But New Zealand has neither a tropical climate, nor is it a country in which edible vegetables and fruits, indigenous to such regions, grow and flourish spontaneously and abundantly; nor is it a land inhabited by native animals adapted for the food of man, and easily obtained by the toils or chase. The islands of New Zealand are uncultivated wastes—either of mountains covered with dense forests—of plains and lowlands covered with impenetrable high fern and shrubs—or of swamps and marshes covered with rush and flax—without any open spots of grass land for pasture, or of verdant downs and hills for sheep. In these vast tracts there is not to be seen a living animal, wild or domestic. * * Whatever is produced from the soil in New Zealand for the food of its population, either of grain from arable land, or of stock from pasture, must be the work of time, by great labour and at much expense."

And again, he says—

"The very nature and circumstance of the country, must render the progress of agriculture in New Zealand slow and gradual. The reasons are, the scarcity and high price of European labour, for the farmers can reckon on no other, the indispensable necessity and consequent labour and expense of enclosing all cultivated areas, and the further cost of time and labour in clearing the ground whether of timber or of fern."

In New Zealand there is no pasture, and if there were, the humidity of the climate is unfavourable to the breeding of fine-wooled sheep. The best land is that which is covered with tall fern; but so great is the difficulty of clearing land from the matted roots of the fern, so as to let the plough pass through it, that forest land is found more profitable, though the expense of clearing it has been estimated at forty pounds an acre. Mr. Heaphy, indeed, would reduce the cost of clearing to half this amount; but then, he writes as a partisan; and besides, it is obvious that the first experiments are made on the most favourable spots. Wheat can be imported into Australia from South America for much less than its cost of production in New Zealand. Under these circumstances, we cannot understand how agriculture is likely to be very profitable in the latter country.

No calculations of this kind, however, have had the effect of deterring speculators or land-jobbers; for the founding of a colony now-a-days is not a paternal act of government, dictated by charity and prudence, but a mere mercantile speculation. When the site of Auckland was marked out, and the town allotments (in all forty-one acres) were offered for sale, they fetched the enormous average price of 595*l.* per acre. The purchasers of these barren or boggy acres, marked them out into squares and crescents to be sold again at an advanced rate. On this first phase of colonial prosperity, Mr. Terry's common sense makes the following comment:—

"The government congratulated themselves on the large amount to be received into the treasury, anticipating proportionate returns at future sales, and considering the resources of the colony was thus established. But it is very problematical whether the extraordinary high price of the town allotments will not militate against the rapid progress of Auckland and the ultimate prosperity of the colony. It may be, that the coffers of the Colonial Treasurer were deeply replenished, but it is equally true, that the majority of the present population of Auckland were proportionately impoverished by such unexpected large drains and abstraction of their capital. A little reflection and consideration of a few facts, will prove, that instead of benefiting the permanent and industrious settler, or being the basis of stable increasing revenue to the government, it has put a forced, consequently fictitious, value on the land in Auckland, and only enriched land jobbers and monopolists—a class of men until of late years very little known in

the colonies—men who go from one new settlement to another, as they are formed, for the sole purpose of monopolising, jobbing and enriching themselves at the expense of the poorer yet more industrious emigrant."

This evil goes deeper than might be at first suspected. As soon as it appeared likely that the British government would take possession of New Zealand, a number of speculators, chiefly from Sydney, purchased large tracts of land from the natives. One individual alone, lays claim to more than twenty millions of acres.

"In comparison with the actual area of the three islands, how large is the proportion of land alleged to have been purchased from the natives! Already thirty-two millions of acres are claimed, and if the claims unpublished are in the same ratio, there will be more than four-fifths of the whole of New Zealand claimed as private property, leaving only one-fifth for the numerous aboriginal tribes, spread chiefly over the north island, and for Her Majesty to exercise her right of sovereignty and pre-emption, for the purposes of her government and the supply of emigration under its sanction."

Government could not at once confirm these claims, nor yet peremptorily disallow them; it therefore appointed a commission to consider all land claims, and to confirm or to reduce them according to certain rules, depending on the time of purchase and the consideration actually paid. This commission will probably set aside some extravagant claims, but it will allow many more; and as soon as this question of land claims is settled, extensive tracts of the best land in all parts of New Zealand will be brought into the market in competition with that which is now sold at a high price. On this Mr. Terry observes:—

"When the extent and nature of these claims to land in New Zealand, with the mode prescribed by the ordinances of the Legislative Council for their settlement, are well known and understood, it cannot be anticipated that persons who may resort to the colony as free settlers will purchase land from the government at an exorbitant price, or, in fact, at any price, until it is ascertained to what extent these claims will be granted; and the same reasons and motives will influence persons in England, and prevent them from purchasing land from the Commissioners of Emigration at the fixed price of 17. per acre."

The latest accounts from Australia inform us that the revenue arising from the sale of lands is there declining, that sales are rarely effected at twelve shillings an acre, and that new land of the best description in Van Diemen's land is usually sold for five shillings an acre. As the true marketable value of his land is a matter of great importance to the settler, we think that we shall render a service to all who are interested in the question of colonization, by quoting the result of Mr. Terry's investigations.

"To enclose and bring into cultivation 320 acres of land in New Zealand, would incur an expense of many thousand pounds, for, as previously explained, there are no natural pastures; therefore, every acre purchased will require conversion, as well as enclosure, or remain waste and useless. Moreover, fifty acres of arable land in New Zealand is quite sufficient for a farmer of moderate capital, as well as to maintain him and family. Further, persons with any property proposing to emigrate to New Zealand, as soon as the subject of land claims is well understood, will neither purchase of the New Zealand Company at 17. 10s. per acre, nor of the Colonial Land Commissioners in England at 17. per acre, nor compete in the colony at the auction sales of crown lands; for they will be able to obtain land in any portion, large or small, according to their means and wishes, at trifling cost, from the land claimants, who will have abundance of land in the market, to compete with the government in sales to emigrants, for many years to come. Far better that grants of land were made gratuitously, and let the settler pay his own expenses to the colony. This boon of conveyance of the purchaser, or with a proviso that a certain proportion of the purchase money is to be appro-

priated to the importation into the settlement of free labour, in consequence of a high price per acre having been given for the land, is not, when investigated and understood, of the importance and advantage generally ascribed to it."

Mr. Heaphy furnishes us with a curious illustration of the spirit which actuates the colonizing speculators of the present day. He proposes to colonize the Chatham Islands, the available area of which he estimates at 250,000 acres; he will sell town land at 25/- an acre, accommodation land at 5/-, and ordinary land at 30 shillings the acre; and then deducting the various expenses, emigration fund, &c., he has a goodly balance of £5,813/- under the head of "Company's Profit." This is certainly a large sum to reward the impudence of selling the Chatham Islands. Position is everything in society; but its importance is never seen more conspicuously than in the contrast between the buyer and the seller of colonial lands; we advise our friends to avoid appearing in the position of the buyer.

A chief object of the interposition of the British government in the colonization of New Zealand, was to protect the natives and to guard their interest in the soil. But after all, the natives receive but a trifle, comparatively, for their lands, and they are looked upon as a helot race by even the most philanthropic of the colonists. There are above 100,000 of these vigorous people in the northern island. They live on potatoes, with little industry, and readily labour for the colonists to supply their petty wants. Is not this indigenous population an immense nursery of future pauperism? Will not European labourers be ruined by the competition of those cheaply-fed natives? Besides, the natives live in some measure apart, and cannot by any means participate equally in the growing fortunes of their country. In a few years hence, when they shall have made some advance in civilization; that is to say, when they shall have doffed their skins and blankets, and shall strut in the tattered finery of Rag Fair and Monmouth Street, will they never look back with regret on "the days of their glory"—on the tattooed visages and superb war-dresses of their forefathers? Will they be able to appreciate the absolute improvement of their physical condition, and to harden their feelings against the superinduced pain of comparative degradation? Will they not be, for ages to come, a servile race, regarding the Anglo-Zealanders as the wolf regards the dog? We cannot but fear that the New Zealand colony contains in an unusual degree the elements of civil disorder, and that sufficient precautions have not been taken to avoid the ills which threaten its moral and social existence. To make money, men go at the top of their speed; but to found a happy and well-constituted society, a slower development is necessary, in order that the community may be educated before it is grown beyond control.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Vol. V. 1789—1793. [Second Notice.]

No one can have forgotten the helplessness and distress of the captive released from the Bastile, after long years of imprisonment. Miss Burney's term of suffering had been shorter, and her seclusion less absolute; so that when she issued forth into the light of common day, many welcomes greeted her. Walpole pressed her to visit him at Strawberry Hill—the beautiful Mrs. Crewe tempted her to Cheshire with the promise of repose, good air, and good society, and Mrs. Ord carried her out of town on a tour. Still, after our journalist's departure from Windsor, the D.ary flags; and we infer that its writer found herself in a position less cheerful and brilliant as regards society, than

the one she had occupied in former days. Or it may be, that with all its constraints, office was found to have had its sweets: strange are the inconsistencies of human regret! The change of tone, however, in the latter half of this volume, gives it a reality in part atoning for its want of vivacity.

A few new figures now appear on the scene, and the reader will not be averse to see the Queen's *ci-devant* attendant, measuring herself against the redoubtable Whig beauty, the Duchess of Devonshire:—

"I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding the variations of accounts; but I found far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce ever deserts her. There is in her face, especially when she speaks, a sweetness of good-humour and obligingness, that seem to be the natural and instinctive qualities of her disposition, joined to an openness of countenance that announces her endowed, by nature, with a character intended wholly for honesty, fairness, and good purposes. She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly sensible and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. About me and my health she was more civil than I can well tell you; not from prudery—I have none, in these records, methinks!—but from its being mixed into all that passed. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the King's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the Regency squadron; however, I have only one line to pursue, and from that I can never vary. I spoke of my own deep distress from his sufferings without reserve, and of the distress of the Queen with the most ardent compassion and respect. She was extremely well-bred in all she said herself, and seemed willing to keep up the subject. I fancy no one has just in the same way treated it with her Grace before; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her. But I have been sedulous to make them all know the contrary. Nevertheless, as I am eager to be considered apart from all party, I was much pleased, after all this, to have her express herself very desirous to keep up our acquaintance, ask many questions as to the chance of my remaining in Bath, most politely hope to profit by it, and, finally, inquire my direction."

Good Mrs. Ord, under whose *chaperonage* Miss Burney was travelling, was scandalized at this acquaintance, having heard the worst character of the fascinating Duchess; and, according to her habit, believing all she heard, "I always wonder," remarks her observant charge, "how people, good themselves as she is, can make up their minds to supposing themselves so singular."

Among the circle of friends spared to Miss Burney, Sir Joshua Reynolds reappears: but he was by this time threatened with blindness, and his death is recorded in this volume. We begin, too, to catch glimpses of the French emigrants whom the convulsions of the year 1792 threw upon our hospitality:—

"They give a very unpleasant account of Madame De Genlis, or De Silbery, or Brulard, as she is now called. They say she has established herself at Bury, in their neighbourhood, with Mlle. la Princess d'Orléans, and Pamelia, and a *Circe*, another young girl under her care. They have taken a house, the master of which always dines with them, though Mrs. Young says he is such a low man he should not dine with her daughter. They form twenty with themselves and household. They keep a botanist, a chemist, and a natural historian always with them. These are supposed to have been common servants of the Duke of Orleans in former days, as they always walk behind the ladies when abroad; but, to make amends in the new equalizing style, they all dine together at home. They visit at no house but Sir Thomas Gage's, where they carry their harps, and frequently have music. They have been to a Bury ball, and danced

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all night ; Mlle. d'Orléans with anybody, known or unknown to Madame Brulard."

This was even more distasteful to our prudent and right-minded authoress than the apparition of Mrs. Hastings, decked out as an Indian princess, in Mrs. Montagu's feather room. That the keenness of Miss Burney's perceptions of oddity had not been impaired by her five years of piquet playing and toilette making, may be seen in the following sketch, which was shortly to be followed by the Orkborne and Marglands and Dennells of her "Camilla"—neither had she lost her old propensity of *not wishing to be complimented* on her novels :—

"When we left the dining-parlour to the gentlemen, Miss F—— seized my arm, without the smallest previous speech, and, with a prodigious Irish brogue, said, 'Miss Burney, I am so glad you can't think to have this favourable opportunity of making an intimacy with you ! I have longed to know you ever since I became rational.' I was glad, too, that nobody heard her ! She made me walk off with her in the garden, whither we had adjourned for a stroll, at a full gallop, leaning upon my arm, and putting her face close to mine, and sputtering at every word from excessive eagerness. 'I have the honour to know some of your relations in Ireland,' she continued ; 'that is, if they are yours, which they are very sorry for, they are your sister's, which is almost the same thing. Mr. Shirley first lent me 'Cecilia' ; and he was so delighted to hear my remarks ! Mrs. Shirley's a most beautiful creature ; she's grown so large and so big ! and all her daughters are beautiful ; so is all the family. I never saw Captain Phillips, but I dare say he's beautiful.' She is quite a wild Irish girl. Presently she talked of Miss Palmer. 'O she loves you !' she cried ; 'she says she saw you last Sunday, and she never was so happy in her life. She said you looked sadly.'"

The following encounter, too, is full of life and character. That the historical Cowslip Wells was famous for her vagaries, all the world knows ; but probably she rarely made an odder exhibition of her eccentricities than the following. Very precious, too, is the Burney's prudent horror of "the newspapers" :—

"We proceeded to the Shakspeare Gallery, which I had never seen. And here we met with an adventure that finished our morning's excursions. There was a lady in the first room, dressed rather singularly, quite alone, and extremely handsome, who was parading about with a nosegay in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, in a manner that was evidently calculated to attract notice. We therefore passed on to the inner room, to avoid her. Here we had but just all taken our stand opposite different pictures, when she also entered, and coming pretty close to my father, snuffed at her flowers with a sort of ecstatic eagerness, and then let them fall. My father picked them up, and gravely presented them to her. She curtseyed to the ground in receiving them, and presently crossed over the room, and brushing past Mrs. Crewe, seated herself immediately by her elbow. Mrs. Crewe, not admiring this familiarity, moved away, giving her at the same time a look of dignified distance that was almost petrifying. It did not prove so to this lady, who presently followed her to the next picture, and sitting as close as she could to where Mrs. Crewe stood, began singing various quick passages, without words or connexion. I saw Mrs. Crewe much alarmed, and advanced to stand by her, meaning to whisper her that we had better leave the room ; and this idea was not checked by seeing that the flowers were artificial. By the looks we interchanged we soon mutually said, 'This is a mad woman.' We feared irritating her by a sudden flight, but gently retreated, and soon got quietly into the large room ; when she bounced up with a great noise, and throwing the veil of her bonnet violently back, as if fighting it, she looked after us, pointing at Mrs. Crewe. Seriously frightened, Mrs. Crewe seized my father's arm, and hurried up two or three steps into a small apartment. Here Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to an elderly gentleman, asked if he could inform the people below that a mad woman was terrifying the company ; and while he was receiving her commission with the most profound respect, and with an evident air of admiring

astonishment at her beauty, we heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw the same figure hastily striding after us, and in an instant at our elbows. Mrs. Crewe turned quite pale ; it was palpable she was the object pursued, and she most civilly and meekly articulated, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' as she hastily passed her, and hurried down the steps. We were going to run for our lives, when Miss Townshend whispered Mrs. Crewe it was only Mrs. Wells the actress, and said she was certainly only performing vagaries to try effect, which she was quite famous for doing. It would have been food for a painter to have seen Mrs. Crewe during this explanation. All her terror instantly gave way to indignation ; and scarcely any pencil could equal the high vivid glow of her cheeks. To find herself made the object of game to the burlesque humour of a bold player, was an indignity she could not brook, and her mind was immediately at work how to assist herself against such unprovoked and unauthorized effrontery. The elderly gentleman who, with great eagerness, had followed Mrs. Crewe, accompanied by a young man who was of his party, requested more particularly her commands ; but before Mrs. Crewe's astonishment and resentment found words, Mrs. Wells, singing, and throwing herself into extravagant attitudes, again rushed down the steps, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Crewe. This, however, no longer served her purpose. Mrs. Crewe fixed hers in return, and with a firm, composed, commanding air and look that, though it did not make this strange creature retreat, somewhat disconcerted her for a few minutes. She then presently affected a violent coughing—such a one as almost shook the room ; though such a forced and unnatural noise as rather resembled howling than a cold. This over, and perceiving Mrs. Crewe still steadily keeping her ground, she had the courage to come up to us, and, with a flippant air, said to the elderly gentleman, 'Pray, sir, will you tell me what is it o'clock ?' He looked vexed to be called a moment from looking at Mrs. Crewe, and, with a forbidding gravity, answered her—'About two.' 'No offence, I hope, sir ?' cried she, seeing him turn eagerly from her. He bowed without looking at her, and she strutted away, still, however, keeping in sight, and playing various tricks, her eyes perpetually turned towards Mrs. Crewe, who as regularly met them, with an expression such as might have turned a softer culprit to stone. Our cabal was again renewed, and Mrs. Crewe again told this gentleman to make known to the proprietors of the gallery that this person was a nuisance to the company, when, suddenly re-approaching us, she called out, 'Sir ! sir !' to the younger of our new protectors. He coloured and looked much alarmed, but only bowed. 'Pray, sir,' cried she, 'what's o'clock ?' He looked at his watch, and answered. 'You don't take it ill, I hope, sir ?' she cried. He only bowed. 'I do no harm, sir,' said she ; 'I never bite !' The poor young man looked aghast, and bowed lower ; but Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to the elder, said aloud, 'I beg you, sir, to go to Mr. Boydell ; you may name me to him—Mrs. Crewe.' Mrs. Wells at this walked away, yet still in sight. 'You may tell him what has happened, sir, in all our names. You may tell him Miss Burney—' 'O no !' cried I, in horrid fright, 'I beseech I may not be named !' And, indeed, ma'am, it may be better to let it all alone. It will do no good ; and it may all get into the newspapers.' 'And if it does,' cried Mrs. Crewe, 'what is it to us ? We have done nothing : we have given no offence, and made no disturbance. This person has frightened us all wilfully, and utterly without provocation ; and now she can frighten us no longer, she would brave us. Let her tell her own story, and how will it harm us ?' 'Still,' cried I, 'I must always fear being brought into any newspaper cabals. Let the fact be ever so much against her, she will think the circumstances all to her honour if a paragraph comes out beginning 'Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Wells.' Mrs. Crewe liked this sound as much as I should have liked it in placing my own name where I put hers. She hesitated a little what to do, and we all walked down-stairs, where instantly this bold woman followed us, paraded up and down the long shop with a dramatic air while our group was in conference, and then, sitting down at the clerk's desk, and calling in a footman, she desired him to wait while she wrote a note. She scribbled a few lines, and read aloud her direction, 'To Mr. Topham ;' and giving the note to the man, said,

'Tell your master that is something to make him laugh. Bid him not send to the press till I see him.' Now as Mr. Topham is the editor of 'The World,' and notoriously her protector, as her having his footman acknowledged, this looked rather serious, and Mrs. Crewe began to partake of my alarm. She, therefore, to my infinite satisfaction, told her new friend that she desired he would name no names, but merely mention that some ladies had been frightened. I was very glad indeed to gain this point, and the good gentleman seemed enchanted with any change that occasioned a longer discourse. We then got into Mrs. Crewe's carriage, and not till then would this facetious Mrs. Wells quit the shop. And she walked in sight, dodging us, and playing antics of a tragic sort of gesture, till we drove out of her power to keep up with us. What a strange creature !'

Another notorious personage succeeds. Shall we not be haunted by the indignant shade of "Corinne" for presuming to mention that "*homme déguisé en femme*" (as Talleyrand called her) in such close conjunction with Cowslip the Brazen ?—The manner in which Miss Burney made Madame de Staél's acquaintance was this. A colony of French emigrants had established itself close to Norbury Park—in which neighbourhood also lived Mrs. Phillips, the sister of our authoress : and the latter (nothing loth) assisted in doing the honours of England :—

"Madame de Staél, daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French noblesse, established near Mickleham. She is one of the first women I have ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. She has just received, by a private letter, many particulars not yet made public, and which the Commune and Commissaries of the Temple had ordered should be suppressed. It has been exacted by those cautious men of blood that nothing should be printed that could *attendir le peuple*."

Here is a specimen of "Corinne's" attempts to captivate her new English friend :—

Madame de Staél Holstein to Miss Burney.

"Written from Juniper Hall, Dorking, Surrey, 1793.
"When J learned to read english J begun by milton, to know all or renounce all in once. J follow the same system in writing my first english letter to Miss burney ; after such an enterprize nothing can affright me. J feel for her so tender a friendship that it melts my admiration, inspires my heart with hope of her indulgence, and impresses me with the idea that in a tongue even unknown J could express sentiments so deeply felt. my servant will return for a french answer. J entreat miss burney to correct the words but to preserve the sense of that card. best compliments to my dear protectress, Madame Phillippe."

Surely it could not have been at Norbury or Juniper that the brilliant Frenchwoman derived that idea of female English society which, pictured in her novel, has become a by-word on the Continent !—Here she is further described by Miss Burney, who—strong in the fond memories of her halcyon days—thought that a higher compliment could hardly be given, than by comparing the daughter of Necker to the Lady of Streatham :—

"She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen ; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems an even profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre of the martyred Louis ; and who can wonder it should have overpowered him ? Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but, finding that impossible, she bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself,

to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore, if your answer to her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week."

To the name of Madame de Staél succeeds another not less remarkable:—

"M. de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter for you. He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday. He is a man of admirable conversation, quick, terse, *fin*, and yet deep, to the extreme of those four words." * * M. de Talleyrand opened, at last, with infinite wit and capacity. Madame de Staél whispered me, 'How do you like him?' 'Not very much,' I answered, 'but I do not know him.' 'O, I assure you,' cried she, 'he is the best of the men.' * * It is inconceivable what a convert M. de Talleyrand has made of me; I think him now one of the first members, and one of the most charming, of this exquisite set. His powers of entertainment are astonishing, both in information and in raillery."

"Mickleham, April 3rd.

"After I had sent off my letter to you on Monday I walked on to Juniper, and entered at the same moment with Mr. Jenkinson and his attorney—a man whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages, and who appeared to me to be brought as kind of spy, or witness of all that was passing. I would have retreated, fearing to interrupt business, but I was surrounded, and pressed to stay, by Madame de Staél with great *empressement*, and with much kindness by M. d'Arblay and all the rest. Mr. Clarke was the spokesman, and acquitted himself with great dignity and moderation; Madame de S. now and then came forth with a little *coquetterie pour adoucir ce sauvage Jenkinson*. 'What will you, Mr. Jenkinson? tell to me, what will you?' M. de Narbonne, somewhat *indigné de la mauvaise foi et excédé des longueurs de son adversaire*, was not quite so gentle with him, and I was glad to perceive that he meant to resist, in some degree at least, the exorbitant demands of his landlord. Madame de Staél was very gay, and M. de Talleyrand very *comique*, this evening; he criticised, amongst other things, her reading of prose, with great *sang froid*: 'Vous lisez très mal la prose : vous avez un chant en lisant, une cadence, et puis une monotonie, qui n'est pas bien du tout : en vous écoutant on croit toujours entendre des vers, et cela a un fort mauvais effet!' They talked over a number of their friends and acquaintance with the utmost unreserve, and sometimes with the most comic humour imaginable.—M. de Lally, M. de Lafayette, la Princesse d'Henin, la Princesse de Poix, a M. Guibert, an author, and one who was, Madame de S. told me, passionately in love with her before she married,—and innumerable others."

We cannot make room for another line of Miss Burney's descriptions of this delightful colony: yet we have not quoted from her pages a syllable concerning "the enchanting M. D'Arblay," to whom it was evident that our authoress became sentimentally attached at an early stage of their acquaintance. There was a touch of romance about the Burney after all; and the sensibility which made her saucy (in spite of secret liking) to Mr. Crutchley, rather than appear to pay court to his wealth—which had enabled her to find pleasure in the lacrymose society of Mr. Fairly because she fancied that she alone possessed his confidence—exhibited itself in a choice of a husband; and so strongly, as for once to make her indifferent to paternal admonition. Dr. Burney so little approved of her marriage with M. D'Arblay, as to refuse to be present at the wedding: and as she told us, some years ago, in her Memoirs of that dear father, that a short period elapsed ere he was cordially reconciled to "the-then-Bookham-and-afterwards-West-Hamble hermit!"

Simplicity of Living—on the Preservation of Health.
By John Harrison Curtis. Churchill.

There is no fallacy so common, as the supposition that others are acquainted with what is familiar to one's own mind; and it is more especially manifested in popular works on medicine. It is proportionately easy for authors to mystify both their readers and them-

selves too, by reasonings and theories, which, however plain they may appear, are yet quite beyond the popular conception. On the other hand, there is a difficulty to be vanquished in the multitude of barren truisms and (worse still) of pregnant prejudices, which, though they are the food "the public do delight to feed on," and are the staple of quackery in general, are still too much *publici juris*, for any individual to appropriate, and to build a fame upon. In handling these, an author must not only, like Virgil, "fling about his dung with dignity," but use it also with discretion. Thus it is that Mr. Curtis has attained to the honours of a fourth edition, more by his skill in hitting the bull's eye of popular ignorance, by his masterly dealings with truisms, than by the extent of his knowledge, or the depth of his philosophy. The leading characteristic of the volume is an appeal to common sense, in behalf of that "simplicity of living," which, neglected by the mass of mankind, and exaggerated by a few isolated enthusiasts, has, from the beginning of time, "cried out in the streets," without leading to much useful result. The great doctrine of Mr. Curtis, older than the *Mνῆστεν αγαρ* of the Greek philosopher, has yet made few practical proselytes; and even such obvious truths as the wholesomeness of cold water, and the unwholesomeness of distilled spirits, can only be brought into action, through the mystic extravagances of the hydropathists, and the fanaticism of temperance societies.

After all, however, it is probable that the neglect of homely truths may not be altogether the creature of indifference, or of a want of intellectual force to perceive or to act upon them. There can, indeed, be little doubt, that popular mistakes are perpetuated, and bad practices steadily pursued, not so much from the want of proper convictions, as from want of the opportunities for correction,—from the obstacles presented by laws, by institutions, and by physical necessities to a more consistent and wise deportment. Above all, the misdirection of education in youth, in maturity the pre-occupations of the ever-present necessity for money-making, the excitements of political contest, and the discussions of sectarian religion, usurp the whole time of society, and render the attainment of a sound morality and a wholesome practical philosophy nearly impossible. Nor must it be overlooked, that the ignorances against which Mr. Curtis combats are by no means exclusively those of the popularly termed common and vulgar classes. Poverty, as much as ignorance, drives the lower classes into the meshes of quackery; but the rich and the noble are still as pre-eminent in this folly, as they are in refinements and in wealth: they, indeed, set the fashion in mismanagement of self in all directions. We must add, then, to the other obstacles to practical wisdom, that debility of mind which is the specific malady of the luxurious. This, however, is too high matter for journalism to grapple with, and we can but throw out the thought *en passant*. For the rest, Mr. Curtis's book is, perhaps, intrinsically neither better nor worse than the majority of its rather numerous rivals: the writer has not escaped the besetting sin of such compilations—the acceptance of popular and professional notions unexamined—the unguarded adoption of propositions on the faith of their general currency. If popular errors are, for the most part, an heritage from the wisdom of our ancestors, there are still some shadows of ancient night hovering over science itself, which maintain their place in spite of lights which ought long ago to have dissipated them; and in the obscurity Mr. Curtis stumbles, as might have been expected. We have, in addition, to hint, that decency should expunge from a future edition the obtrusive references to the author's specialities as a practitioner, obviously drawn in for the purpose of "bringing custom to the shop."

The Temple Church. By C. G. Addison, Esq.—*A Full and Complete Guide to the Temple Church.* Longman & Co.

In his "History of the Knights Templars," Mr. Addison introduced some account of the Temple Church, which he has here republished with additions; rather, it would seem, because popular attention is now called to that structure, than from much knowledge, love, or perception of the circumstances which make it an object of present interest. What might pass as a respectable anti-

quarian compilation of facts in the "History of the Templars," appears a cold and lifeless repertory of details as a description of a highly suggestive work of art. The illustrations, which Mr. Addison has introduced into this volume, tell better than any criticism the sort of feeling the author brought to his task. In *materiel* for embellishment, whether as respects the exhibition of its architecture, its decorations, its picturesque points, or the changes and improvements it has recently undergone, the Temple Church is so rich, that selection becomes difficult. Yet Mr. Addison, illustrating the Temple Church, appears to have been able to find no other subject for the purpose but the funeral of a Templar passing beneath one of its arches. There are, indeed, three other plates in the book, drawn from other sources. One, a group of figures supporting a dead body from the Penitential Cell; another (appropriate enough), of the effigies of the Crusaders, formerly recumbent in the Round Church—both borrowed from the "History of the Templars"; and the third, a wood-cut of the Round Church, which we recognize as published in the *Church Magazine* of last month—this being, in fact, the most appropriate embellishment in the work. In very poverty of illustrative matter, a wood-cut of the Temple Seal is repeated no less than three times at the head of chapters. The book is not worth much criticism, or we might stop to call Mr. Addison to task for paraphrasing passages from Blackstone, from Sir John Fortescue, and from Dugdale, without a line of acknowledgment. The "Origines Judiciales" of the latter, furnished, indeed, the basis of the history here given of the Templars after their institution as a Law Society. Instead of quoting Dugdale and others as his authorities, Mr. Addison quotes their references; and in such a manner as to make it clear that he is wholly guiltless of having consulted them himself. Here, for instance, is a jumble it is rather difficult to unravel, (p. 6). What can be meant by the following?—"Pat. 6 Ed. 3. p. 2. m. 22, in original at Rolls Garden ex parte Remembrancer. Thesaur." (?) The Patent Rolls of Edward the Third are at the Tower—the Originalia of the Treasurer's Remembrancer, at Somerset House, and the Officers of the Rolls Chapel keep the keys of the Somerset House office.

We need not longer detain the reader with Mr. Addison's book, but—as apropos to the present interest about the Temple Church—we will give a hasty sketch of its history, premising, that Dugdale is our authority for the principal facts stated.

The Knights Templars, from whom their successors take their name, established themselves in England early in the reign of Stephen, in a residence occupying the space now included between Holborn on the north, the line of the city liberties on the east, Chancery Lane on the west, and Cursitor Street on the south. In the year 1185 they built a new church and residence at the west end of Fleet Street, then called New Street, and now the site of the present buildings, and for some centuries afterwards denominated the New Temple, in which "the studious lawyers have their bower." In the year 1308 the Templars in England, and in other parts of Christendom, were seized and committed to prison, and the Temple, here their chief domain, with their other possessions, escheated to the Crown. From the Crown the Temple passed by grant, in the year 1313, to the Earl of Pembroke, but the Earl of Lancaster claiming it as immediate lord of the fee, and as part of his honour of Leicester, it was given up to him by the Earl of Pembroke, at the sovereign's request. On the attainder of the Earl of Lancaster, the New Temple was reconveyed by the King to the Earl of Pembroke, who had been chiefly instrumental in the decapitation of his rival, and for which he is reported to have been shortly afterwards murdered at Paris. The first parliament of Edward the Third declared that the estates of the Earl of Pembroke were forfeited, on account of the active and treasonable part he had taken in the disturbances of the late reign, and the Temple again became the property of the Crown, from which it was separated, by grant, to the younger Despenser. At a Council held in the year 1324, it having been decreed that all the possessions of the Templars should be given to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, King Edward the Third, upon the attainder of Despenser, granted the Temple to them, and they demised it to the students

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of the law at the rent of 10*l.* per annum. Mr. Addison, however, on the authority of a MS. account of the Temple, formerly in the possession of Lord Somers, states, that the students and professors of the Common Law made interest with the Earl of Lancaster for a lodging in the Temple, and first gained a footing therein as lessees. The permanent settlement of the Court of Common Pleas, the grand tribunal for disputes of property, in one certain place at Westminster, brought together the professors of the Municipal Law, who had been previously dispersed about the kingdom. The practice of the Municipal Law became confined to laymen, the episcopal constitutions having forbade clerks and priests to practise as advocates in the Common Law Courts, unless in defence of their own property, or that of the poor and destitute. Being excluded from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, they established a University of their own, for the study of the laws of the land, where exercises were performed, lectures delivered, and degrees conferred, as at other universities. The Crown, says Sir William Blackstone, seems to have taken under its protection this infant seminary of Common Law; and the more effectually to foster and cherish it, King Henry the Third, in the nineteenth year of his reign, issued an order, directed to the mayor and sheriffs of London, commanding that no regent of any law school within that city, should, for the future, teach law therein. The Temple (taking nearly Sir John Fortescue's words), situated in the suburbs of the city, away from its noise and bustle, and a reasonable distance from the Court at Westminster, with a ready and easy access thereto by water, was undoubtedly a desirable retreat for this legal Society, and measures seem to have been promptly taken to secure its possession. The name of the old military monks descended upon the lessees of their conventional tenements, and the lawyers became Templars; continuing to rent the premises under the Knights Hospitallers, until Henry the Eighth disbanded the latter, at the dissolution of the monasteries. Since then, the Templars have rented their estate of the Crown.

The 'Full and Complete Guide' is a cheap and hasty reprint of the standing type of a portion of the first-noticed book; so hasty, that references to other parts are left remaining: e. g., at p. 35, "For an account of the inscriptions on either side of the grand central archway, see last page";—there being no account whatever on the last page.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1843.

The American in Paris, or Heath's Picturesque Annual, for 1843, by M. Jules Janin.—The preface to this volume will mislead no one who is familiar with the light French literature of the day. In fact M. Janin's allusion to the American manuscript, from which he has professedly drawn his materials, could scarcely have been intended as a mystification, seeing that the book contains whole chapters published elsewhere with the author's name. Thus the notice of the 'Princess Marie,' the enumeration of the small trades by which the *regatteur*, the *découleur*, the street commissioner, and the nosegay-merchant live, and the whimsical anecdote of the stupid Englishman, bewildered by the multiplicity of the Grecian temples in the French metropolis, have already appeared in 'Les Catacombes,' that work being itself avowedly a republication of miscellanies. This is not stated, to detract from the value of the Annual before us, but merely to affix its letterpress, which, so far from exhibiting the slightest touch of Americanism, is every line of it Parisian—Parisian in its piquancy: thanks, too, to the elegant and lively designs of M. Lami, the book is truly Parisian in its illustrations. There is a poetry in Paris such as belongs to no other city, and the modes of it are known to none better than to M. Janin. Let those who are familiar with the wrong side of the tapestry accuse this fertile writer's criticisms of venality—let the scholar denounce his parade of reading as shallow pretence—let the artist complain that the picture, the play, or the symphony is subjected by our journalist to a battery of high-sounding and unmeaning words—grant that all these charges are founded in truth, there is still a beauty, a grace, and a variety in the writings of the busy and unscrupulous *feuilletonist*, imparting to them a variety, and an individuality, in contemporary literature, which

may possibly carry down his name to the readers of another generation. To do justice to these good gifts by extract is not very easy. In the chapter upon the Tuilleries and French royalty, our author is thoughtfully historical; but Mr. Carlyle has been there before him, and a genius of totally different calibre and quality, Michael Angelo Titmarsh! 'The Green Room of the Opera,' again, is a sketch which will interest but a limited class of persons, and besides, to give every man his due, it is better exhibited by M. Eugène Lami, than described by Taglioni's devoted friend and *feuilletonist*! Let the reader turn to the design, with *La Sylphide* in the midst, half listening to the sweet words of the obsequious *muscadin* at her side, while to the right and left of her, the witty, wicked Fanny, and the columnar Teresa Eissler, form each the centre of her own particular *coterie*, if he care for the world in which (to quote M. Janin's American) they make "a great singer out of a cooper, a *dansuse* out of a piece of gauze, a lyric poet out of M. Scribe, and a *danseur* out of the first comer." More to our purpose is the paper dedicated to the memory of the Princess Marie:—

"The Princess Marie."

"To you who are distracted from the business of the world, and who occupy yourselves exclusively with poetry and art, there is no occasion to describe the Princess Marie. In the high position in which Heaven had placed her, she remained the most simple, natural, and honest of artists. You only can tell all the worth of this young mind, so skilful in understanding everything, all the genius concealed under a royal name, all the energy of that white hand, before which the proudest bowed, and which more than once, even in the evening receptions, still bore the rude and glorious mark of the sculptor's chisel. For you early learned to acknowledge, in this young girl, your rival, your equal, your superior. In this world of power which she inhabited, few knew all her value. She was never at ease, except in that other kingdom of the arts for which she was born. There she lived, there she reigned, there she was eloquent, there she could say, as she struck her foot, 'the ground on which I tread is my own.' But when she remembered that she inhabited the Tuilleries, that she was the daughter of the busiest king in Europe, that her brothers were princes of the blood, and that she herself must follow the trade of a princess, smile on all, accept as authorities these miserable nullities, listen to the vain talk of idle courtiers, hold out her hand to bewildered citizens in the saloons of the marshals, then her pure white forehead was dimmed by a slight cloud, then the look, just now proudly turned towards the free sky, was sadly bent upon the ground, here and there thoughts were arrested, her smiling lip assumed an expression of involuntary contempt. The courtiers, or if you prefer it, those who are called courtiers, said that the Princess Marie was proud. Proud of what? alas! she had the noble pride of pre-occupied thoughts, the ambition of great minds." * Her life was thus passed in the laborious and innocent contemplation of the fine arts. To the praise of the great talent which France has lost, it must be said, that no one in the country, not even the most illustrious, has brought more intelligence and more perseverance to these rude studies of the fine arts, without which the greatest abilities are almost always thrown away. She had silently dared all the difficulties of her art, she had faced all its thorns one by one, she had plunged her hand, and that a firm one, into this earth, which must be thoroughly kneaded if you would do anything with it. She did not even spare her self-love some severe lessons, and when she had attained her place among the masters, she would take pleasure in relating how, more than once, she had sent anonymous works to the *Exposition* at the Louvre, and how the public had coldly passed before these first attempts, and not only the public, who never flatter, but the courtiers, who always flatter. She would tell also the just severity of the criticisms upon her, for unlike the greater part of her competitors, who incessantly attack criticism, the Princess Marie paid deference to it, saying that truth was not so painful to hear as might be supposed. And with how much enjoyment would she repeat, that at one of these *Expositions*, to which she had sent an anonymous painting much valued by her, when she passed before the despised work, and stopped complacently to look at it, a flatterer who accompanied her said, 'Ah, princess, you who understand such matters, how can you stop before such baboons?' It was by degrees, then, without any other protection than her talent, any other recommendation than her genius, that she reached that popularity which is the sweetest of all rewards; she acquired renown as it ought to be acquired, by her works, and without any extraneous recommendation. By her advanced mind, by her somewhat German taste, by the poetical initials which so characterized her life, the Princess Marie was a disciple of that young school which formed part of the school of David. She had early learned that the pitiful imitation which attaches itself to costume and armour, was a miserable thing, quite unworthy of any real talent; she understood all the compass of those great names, Michael Angelo and Dante; for in her imagination she never separated the poet from the artist, thought from form, or the inspirator from the inspiration. She was devoted to all that was young and new; she preferred inspiration, and even wandering inspiration to anything formal; every new attempt was sure to please her; she was the first to examine it, and by no means the last to praise it. ** Thus this beautiful, noble mind, now immortalized, had made herself an animated, energetic, and benevolent mediator between the throne and the young poetical school; she taught her father the names of the new comers into the arena; she accustomed his rebellious ear to new verses, new prose, the modern drama; she showed, with the proofs in her hands, that the France, which has produced Lamartine, and Eugène Delacroix, M. de Lamennais, —yes, M. de Lamennais himself, and Madame George Sand (for she even spoke to the King of Madame Sand) was not without honour, as respects literature and the arts. And you will imagine that the father, proud of his daughter and his kingdom, would easily suffer himself to be convinced by the former in favour of the latter. Nevertheless, who but the Princess Marie would have dared thus to sustain the poetry, the literature, and the fine arts of this century, compared with the French eighteenth century, so dear or so many accounts to the men of 1789? Of this valuable encouragement, given from so great a height to the cotemporary school, by the Princess Marie, I shall give but one instance, which is, however, exceedingly honourable and touching. You are doubtless acquainted with the books of Edgar Quinet, that German who, without exactly knowing how, writes some of the most beautiful language of the time. This man is a young, enthusiastic dreamer: full of passion, without aim, and ill regulated enthusiasm, he walks alone in the narrow path he has marked out for himself, between Herder and Klopstock; at certain periods of his life he appears with a poem in his hand; then he retires, to return after a long interval. One day he happened to be at the Château des Tuilleries: he had come to visit one of the Queen's maids of honour, and was on this occasion more than usually melancholy. He had just produced a philosophical epicope, that strange poem of Prometheus, enlarged and developed in such a way as to form the history of humanity, for in these days humanity does not need histories, from Prometheus to the fall of an angel. Suddenly, as Edgar Quinet was telling the maid of honour his agonies and his martyrdom, saying that he, also, had a vulture at his heart, the poetical vulture, more furious and more inexorable than the other, a young person entered, so simple, so fair, so candid, so naturally elegant, that our poet ought immediately to have recognized her. But we must pardon M. Edgar Quinet: he was so absorbed in his grief, that he could see nothing. However the new comer took pity on his sufferings, and began to talk to the poet of his new book, with much elegance and feeling, and told him—what is always said of poems which do not succeed, but which she nevertheless believed—that it was an excellent work, perhaps, the best the author had ever written, and she even knew by heart several of the rustic verses extemporised as bards extemporised before the mead. Imagine the delight of our poet at hearing her thus speak! She seemed like an apparition in white from the other side of the Rhine. Seeing that her conversation pleased him, she suffered the healing balm to fall, drop by drop, upon the wounded heart. By degrees she proceeded, and she was quite right, from the poem in verse to the poem in prose; she passed from Prometheus to the touching legend of Ahasuerus, that masterpiece of poetical legends. 'Stay,' said she to

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Quinet, 'follow me, and you will see whether I love this poem.' Immediately the two ladies arose, and the poet followed them, with the same melancholy respect as though he had been following the white lady of Avenal; and thus they entered the gothic Atelier, filled with incomplete drawings and unfinished sketches. The Bible, Homer, and Dante were her only companions in this cell. And imagine the joy of the poet, when four admirable bas-reliefs, taken from his poem, were pointed out to him! Yes, his heroes themselves, in the very attitude, and exhibiting the very passions which his poetry had given them! * * To describe to you all the delight of the poet, when he saw his ideas thus understood, thus reproduced; to tell you all his emotion when he saw, one after the other, his dreams pass thus before him, in their natural and mystic attitudes, would be quite impossible. And then what happiness! to trace his own poems, to touch, with the finger and the look, the wandering works of his imagination; to see them thus clothed in the mantle spun for them with the gold and silken thread of imagination! To say to himself, 'There they are walking!' and to see them, in fact, acting and thinking, was delightful: such was the admiration of the poet. But what were his feelings when the young artist said to him, with her sweet, vibrating voice, 'This is your work, take it with you'; and when he could read, at the bottom of these exquisite bas-reliefs, the royal name, *Marie d'Orléans*: in point of royal rewards I do not think there is greater than this to be found in the history of arts. We have heard of a great prince, who held the ladder for Albert Durer; of a powerful monarch, who picked up the pencils of Titian: we know that the sister of a King of France kissed the lips of Alain Chartier while he slept—but this great surprise given to a poet, the reproduction of his poem, this unlooked-for and consolatory gift, the infinite grace of the young girl, the Princess, the great artist,—this is certainly a thing which cannot be too much admired. If you remember at what age the Princess Marie died, if you recollect that she shared all the agonies and all the anxieties of this new theme so cruelly tried, you will be confounded with the number and the variety of her labours. After having drawn for some time under the direction of a skilful master, whom she had herself chosen, she began to paint; to her the French are indebted for several of the beautiful church windows executed at Sévres, and amongst others the windows of the chapel at Fontainebleau, which you would suppose to have been stolen from some Italian dome in the sixteenth century. But her greatest love was for sculpture; she had divined all its secrets, she modelled with unequal firmness; under her fingers the obedient clay took every form. She understood thoroughly the science of details, and knew exactly how the Queen and her page were dressed, how the knight and the squire were armed. In compliance with her will the clay thus modelled became armour or velvet, sword or lace. The first attempt in this style was the statue of Joan of Arc on horseback. * * She adopted Joan of Arc, then, as her hero, when she played as a young child upon the green turf of that château d'Eu which has received her mortal remains; she might have seen, among the portraits of her family, Joan of Arc herself, shut up for a moment in the château d'Eu, when the English took her to the city of Rouen, where they burnt her. She early learned this fatal and glorious history, and acquired a strong love for the young heroine, whose misfortunes equalled her courage. Thus, when the King her father undertook to raise from its ruins the palace of Versailles, which had been the tomb of a monarchy, after having been its most illustrious theatre, the Princess Marie wished to assist. In these galleries, consecrated to French virtue, she has chosen her place and her heroine. This statue of Joan of Arc has already made the tour of the world. * * But she is dead! far from her beloved country, far from her father, her mother, her brothers, and her sisters. Pisa will long remember the great artist who died within her walls; the old dome will recall that pale and beautiful creature, kneeling on the cold marble; the leaning tower will weep over her; the Campo Santo, motionless, will be moved with pity; all the centuries interred there will be melted at this sad loss. And, doubtless, if France had not claimed the illustrious body, the Countess Beatrice would have risen from the borrowed urn which she had occupied for three centuries, to make

room for the grand-daughter of Andrew of Pisa, of Michael Angelo, and of Orcagna."

We can draw no further on this volume. Be its contents new or old, it is one of the best of its series. Though the number of topics glanced at be very great, we think that enough materials are left for another volume, in a city so rich to overflowing in attractions and associations as the French metropolis.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Simple Treatment of Disease, &c., by James Gully, M.D.—We are not called on to express an opinion of this little volume, which is not addressed *ad populum*. We would, however, in all friendliness to the author, who aspires to think for himself, request him to consider well how much of his argument is a mere affair of words. His objections against what is called "active practice," appear to us to be directed more frequently against the abuses to which it is liable, than against the practice itself. *Venienti occurrere morbo*, is a maxim, in our minds, as good as it is old: at all events, we cannot perceive the wit of giving a physician a guinea, merely that he may wait at the bedside, and see whether we may not get well without assistance, before he puts his shoulder to the wheel. The result of a pretty long experience has been to satisfy us that the difference between a clever practitioner and a routinist is very much confined to the first four and twenty hours of acute disease. At the same time, we admit, in favour of Dr. Gully's argument, that this difference may sometimes consist in drawing a more accurate inference respecting what it is necessary *not* to do, and in acting accordingly.

A Treatise on Algebra, by G. R. Perkins.—This is an American school-book, published at Utica. It seems clean and well selected, and gives (for the first time, it is stated, in an American work,) Sturm's theorem on the limits of the roots of equations.

A Manual of the Steam Engine, by R. D. Hoblyn.—We have often heard, as a booksellers' maxim, that a bad book on a popular subject is a much safer speculation than a good book with a less attractive title-page. This maxim is here well exemplified. The only merit of this book is its title-page—it is there declared to be a "Manual" "illustrated by engravings on wood and steel." In the preface, the author tells us the book is popular, and that a popular book on this subject was much wanted. We doubt both of these assertions—however, whether the book be popular or not, the principal instruments used both in providing the letter-press, the engravings, and woodcuts, have been the scissors. In short—for it must out—this is about the most bare-faced piece of plunder we have ever had the bad luck to find on our table.

Father Oswald.—A novel of religious controversy; it will be sufficient to mention, as an illustration of the author's fitness for his task, that he makes the conversion of his hero to the Catholic church the result of witnessing the worn-out miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius!

Russia, by J. G. Kohl. Part I.—The first of series to be called the *Foreign Library*, which is to contain translations of popular works. It is a handsome volume of 270 pages, and published at five shillings. The second and concluding part of Kohl's Russia will be published on the 1st of December, and be followed by 'Celebrated Crimes,' by Alexander Dumas.

The Zingari, a Poem.—This is a metrical appeal for the moral and spiritual regeneration of the wandering tribes known in England under the name of *Gipsies*. The author is earnest: and we can say of his verse that it has the dignity which *earnestness* gives.

A Complaint.—We do not characterize this fragment,—because, to our shame be it spoken, though accustomed to all sorts of rhodomontade, we do not understand it. We are not without a suspicion that we have seen this great, exaggerated, round, Roman hand, before; and if we are right, we have, already, warned the writer that he was getting beyond our ken, and ran great risk of losing himself. The former fact he has fully achieved.

Noel the Hostage, and other Poems, by M. E. Jeffrey.—This is another of those volumes which we must refer back to the domestic, or, at most, to the friendly circle, for appreciation. The instrument is a small sweet instrument enough; not very skilfully

played, yet touched with a sort of natural taste, yielding strains which the home echoes readily catch up and magnify, and breathing, at times, what Love colours with music. The thousand-and-one writers of verse, like the domestic piano-forte players, should learn to understand, that there is an order of music the success of which lies, as has been said of that of the jest, in the ear of him who hears it; and that many sweet thoughts and pleasant feelings wait upon strains that would inevitably put all fine spirits to flight, save only the Penates. To such an audience as we have suggested, this author, no doubt, performs successfully; but must guard against being misled into therefore supposing that he—or, as we suspect, she—is "singing for the million." It is honest to add, too, that it is scarcely possible to suppose an audience anywhere tolerant enough to sit out the performance of 'Noel the Hostage.' Yet we know not: the power of endurance in such circles is wonderfully great. Our readers have gone through life far more happily than we have, if they have not, at some period thereof, heard 'The Battle of Prague' executed under circumstances which must have made them strong through after years to bear up against all such inflictions as 'Noel the Hostage.' He must have borne "a charmed life," who, twenty years ago, escaped the thunders of that tremendous and universal conflict, which carried terror and suffering into all the drawing rooms of the land, though, of course, the approved formula on those occasions affirmed that *he* was the charmed life who heard. The training of the present generation is less severe, and its tolerance less; therefore we warn this author against any more such poems as 'Noel the Hostage.'

[ADVERTISMENT.]—BUCKINGHAM'S AMERICA.—A new series of this work, completing the Eastern and Western States, will be published on the 1st of December. Subscribers' names, for early copies, may be forwarded by post to the author, St. John's Wood, London. The list already embraces several of the Sovereigns of Europe, besides the Royal Family of England, and some of the most distinguished Peers and Commoners, as well as merchants and traders, without distinction of party, the work being now generally recognized by all as worthy of the greatest confidence, for itsfulness, accuracy, and impartiality, on all subjects connected with America.—*Church and State Gazette*.

List of New Books.—Dr. Combe on *Digestion and Diet*, new ed. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Queen Victoria's Visit to Scotland, by John Grant, 18mo. 1s. swd.—*The Venetian Exultation*, Magnificent, &c., Pointed for Chanting, by Charles Kemble, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—*Meditations on the Second Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ*, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Drake's *Mercantile Pocket Book* for 1843, 2s. 6d. roan tuck.—*Orion's Prophetic Calendar and Weather Almanac*, for 1843, 12mo. 1s. swd.—*Rules and Orders issued in November 12, 1842, in Bankruptcy and Insolvency, with Forms and Schedules*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—*Channing on the Emancipation of Slaves in the West Indies*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. swd.—*Baldwin's History of England*, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Croshy's London Letter Writer*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Cooper's History of England*, new edit. 1842, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf-bd.—*Keight's Geography*, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*Becker's Omnigraphic Atlas of Modern Geography*, royal 4to. 18s. 6d. hf-bd.—*Crosby's Described in a Lecture*, by the Rev. C. Mackenzie, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Gibson's Bills of Costs*, new edit. 1839, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Progressive Questioning Book*, by the Rev. E. T. Phillips, 8vo. 6s. cl.—*A Literal Translation of the Claude of Aristophanes*, with the Greek Text and English Notes, 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Burke's General Armoury*, corrected edition, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*The Sporting Almanac and Oracle of Rural Life*, 1843, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—*Mrs. Gaugain's Lady's Assistant in Kitting, Netting, &c. Vol. II.*, 18mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Kirby and Spence's Entomology*, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*Roberts on the Vine*, new edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—*The Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford*, edited by Lord J. Russell, Vol. I., 8vo. 18s. cl.—*Bonar and McCheyne's English Grammar*, 18mo. 1s. cl.—*The Gift Book of Poetry*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Walton's Problems*, Illustrative of the Principles of Theoretical Mechanics, 8vo. 16s. cl.—*Winslowe's (Rev. B.) Life and Remains*, edited by Bishop Doane, cl. 6s. cl.—*Andrews's Bishop's Devotions*, new translation, cl. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Phineas Quigley, or Sheep Industry*, by John Poole, 8vo. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*The Jack O'Lantern, or the Privateer*, by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Missionary Labours, and Scenes in Africa*, by Rev. R. Moffat, new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—*The Chess Players' Chronicle*, Vol. III., 8vo. 15s. cl.—*Lady Singleton, or the World as it is*, by Capt. Medwin, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Russia and the Russians* in 1842, by J. G. Kohl, Vol. II., crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*The Literary Ladies of England*, by Mrs. Elwood, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Niebuhr's History of Rome*, Vol. III., 8vo. 18s. 6d. bds.—*The Rural and Domestic Life in Germany*, by W. Howitt, 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Chemistry of Animal Bodies*, by Thomas Thomson, M.D., 8vo. 16s. cl.—*Essays and Tracts* by J. Abercrombie, M.D., 18mo. 4s. cl.—*The Literary and Scientific Almanack*, for 1843, on a sheet, 1s.—*An Explanation of the most Important Differences between Scripture and Calvinism*, by the Rev. E. C. Kemp, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.

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VISIT TO THE CASTLE OF HOHENSCHWANGAU,

With a Glimpse or two at the Germany of other Days.

In the frescoes which adorn this interesting castle, we see the legendary lore with which Time, as with a veil, has enveloped the place, as well as the dim signs, and clearer historical recollections of Bavaria, recorded with no inconsiderable taste and fantasy by some of Munich's most celebrated painters. According to tradition, the castle takes its name from a miraculous swan, which always attended on one of the earlier lords, ministering to him on more than one occasion such miraculous aid as the crow is said to have done to Valerius Corvus in Roman story. The artist has appropriately seized on this fable as a fitting subject for his pencil. We see the Swan-knight, as he was called, setting out from the castle in search of adventures, and then the swan, with its wary feet, draws his light skiff down the Rhine. Now the blast of his bugle-horn is heard by the Emperor just at the moment he is passing sentence on his consort, for her supposed infidelity. The Swan-knight boldly asserts her innocence, and offers to prove this on the body of her perjured accuser, the base Count of Frankenburg, whom he slays in mortal combat. As his reward, he receives the Queen's lovely daughter in marriage. The next scene is a striking one, as illustrative of men and manners in those early ages. It is George of Schwangau on a raid against the lands and monastery of Rothenbuch. The venerable Abbot, his features pale and emaciated with pious vigils and abstinence, is seen lifting up the cross as a symbol of divine wrath against the sacrilegious freebooter, while a brother of the convent, with wild desperation in his eye, stares fixedly at the flames which already begin to encompass the sacred edifice. A feeling contrast to this deed of licentious rapacity is presented in another fresco. Thirty years later, George, another Lord of Schwangau, is seen wounded and faint, with his pursuers close upon his trail, endeavouring to reach the cloister of Steingaten, where the good monks afford him hospitable reception and security.

In another room we have depicted the escape of Luther, already alluded to. The silver moon, as if unwilling to behold the sad sight, is shedding her watery rays, feebly and mournfully athwart the high lime-stone cliff which overshadows the castle; while Luther, attended by George von Langenmantel, is dragging his steps slowly and fearfully up to the rocky eyrie, where the old eagle for a while extends over him his protecting wings, and thus saves him from the fate of the murdered Huss. According to popular tradition, he continued his flight from hence to Hohenaschau, where the cell is still shown in which the persecuted monk lay perdue for a while.

About a league from the castle lies the romantic hamlet of Breitenwang. In that charming spot, buried deep amid towering Alps, an event of no small moment in relation to German history, once took place. This event we find portrayed on another wall. The Emperor Lothaire has fallen sick on his return from Italy, and is dying in the hut of a poor peasant of the village. The Emperor, stretched on an uneasy pallet, and conscious of his approaching dissolution, consigns his kingdom, and the round and top of sovereignty to the Wolf, Duke Henry the Proud. But he received the insignia and not the reality of power: for Conrad of Hohenstaufen was unanimously elected as Lothaire's successor to the Imperial throne. Another tale, not unlike the preceding, is told by the painter in another apartment, where the Emperor Max is being shriven, and making known his last wishes to the holy Abbot of Füssen. Poor old man. He had now no longer the erect and manly bearing of former days. The laughing eye no longer twinkled so roguishly; the dance of youthful blood was over. Age and care, with the other evils flesh is heir to, had done their work, and he was passing this way from his favourite Augsburg, wishing to rest his bones in peace at Vienna. It was a bitter cold January night when he arrived at Innsbruck; but, alas, no shelter was to be had there for the Emperor. The rebellious burghers had been worked up to madness by the extortions of the Imperial functionaries, and now revenged themselves by shutting their doors upon their sovereign lord. Like a second Lear, he was forced to remain all night in the open air, exposed to the chilling breath of the Alpine winds.

This brought on a fever, of which he died; herein sadly verifying a bon mot which is attributed to him. "The King of France," said he, "is a king of asses, for his subjects bear patiently all the burdens imposed upon them, but I am king of kings, for mine obey only when they think proper."

The poetical legend of the birth of Charlemagne, one of those dusky phantoms that float about in the shadowy lumber-chamber of tradition, was next caught by the limner, who has dragged it into the light of day, purified it of its thousand years' dust, and tricked it out daintily in all the radiant colours of his fancy. Pipin, surnamed the Little, resided at Weihenstephen, in Bavaria. His deeds of daring had gained him such renown in Christendom, that the Lord of Bretagne sent to offer him his lovely daughter, Bertha, in marriage. Pipin overjoyed at the idea of having so fascinating a princess for his bride, immediately sent his chief lord of the palace to bring her under safe conduct to his residence. But the emissary was a traitorous scoundrel, and on his way back ordered two of his attendants to carry their terrified victim into a pathless forest and there murder her, intending to impose his own daughter on Pipin as the Princess Bertha. The servants, moved by the pathetic appeal of the maiden, consented to spare her life, on condition that she would promise neither to return home nor go to Pipin's court. They then left her; and poor Bertha wandered in bewilderment up and down the dreary glades of the forest. At length a charcoal-burner happened to meet her, and he conducted her safely to an old mill standing on the shores of the Starnberg-lake. The hospitable miller received the forlorn damsel under his roof, and treated her ever after as if she had been his own daughter; and she endeavoured to repay his fatherly kindness by working at embroidery, an art in which she greatly excelled; the miller selling the produce of her needle to the merchants of Augsburg. But the day of retribution came at last. Pipin was passionately devoted to hunting, and frequently penetrated into the depths of the Bavarian forests to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. It chanced one day that he became separated from his followers, and got entangled in the leafy labyrinth of the woods, adjoining Starnberg-lake. Fortunately as the light of day was fast disappearing, he discovered the mill we have mentioned. The miller, with his native friendliness, willingly afforded shelter and the best of his frugal board to the benighted huntsman; and fair Bertha, as she sat at her loom, enchanted the susceptible monarch by her modesty and beauty. In the course of their conversation, a ring on her finger caught his eye, which he instantly knew to be the identical gem he had sent to his future bride by the hands of his faithless courtier. An explanation followed; and next day he carried Bertha and the good old miller to Weihenstephen, where he proclaimed her his lawful wife, and revenged himself on the false lord and his daughter. A year had rolled by, and a healthy pledge of their loves was brought into the world. It was a boy, and that boy was afterwards Charlemagne, the Emperor.

But here we are transported back to the life of German ladies in the middle ages. The female whom Schneider has selected, to embody forth an image of Woman as she lived and loved, in those interesting times, from 1159 to 1190, is Agnes, consort of Otto the Great of Wittelsbach. To each fresco is appended an explanatory inscription in rhyme. First we are introduced to her, when yet a child, playing with turtle-doves and flowers. Next she appears, grown older, her form gradually swelling out to the ripeness of womanhood, plying the distaff, while an august matron imparts to her sage admonitions on the domestic duties of a thrifty housewife. But the days of nongage and probation are over; and there she is, playing on her harp, the centre of a gay troop of youthful knights; and see! she has smitten one nobler than the rest with her peerless charms. Now he has confessed his passion, and they are betrothed. But alas! how soon was the cup of happiness dashed from her lips! Behold the female form sunk down before the image of the Holy Virgin, "Blessed Mary, hear my cry; listen, and shield my lord." With gallant Frederick's princely power He sought the bold Crusade.

Her prayer is heard. Hark! the tramp of a firm footstep ascending the winding stair: it is—it must be he.

"Du bist's, du kehrst, es ist kein Trug,
Von Pilgerzug."

The knightly warrior now rests from his toils, while his affectionate spouse is handing him a foaming goblet of wine, and his infant son is playing with the dread "Kaliburn."[†] But well-a-day! he is dead and gone, and she, a lonely widow, is resigning her only son, at the tender age of nine years, the sole hope of his race, to the care of her faithful vassals; and she herself retires into a cloister, in order to spend the remainder of her days in devotion, apart from the storms and cares of the world.

An appropriate pendant to the above glimpse at the ladies' bower, is a series of tableaux, designed by Schwind, illustrating "Knightly life in the middle ages." The future warrior is still a boy, and taking his first lessons in horsemanship. There he is, learning to back and curb the coal-black steed. Now his boyish days are over; his prince has dubbed him a knight; he has won the prize at the tourney, and obtained the smiles and thanks of gentle dames. Next comes the lover, sighing like a furnace. Mark how he has stolen from the giddy whirl of the dance and the flare of the torches, to meet his lady-love; and with no witness but the stars overhead, he whispers in her ear his tale of knightly passion. But the banners of the cross are waving, the steeds champ impatiently in the courtyard; he goes where glory calls him, bidding a long, long adieu to his disconsolate bride.

"God wills it, wife, oh! comfort thee,
The Holy Cross protecteth me."

Now he stands triumphant on pyramidal ground, and has achieved unfading laurels in fierce battles with the infidel. He returns to his native land. But who shall portray the conflict of hopes and fears, as the well-known towers rise slowly into view; and oh, joy of joys! the banner of his father is described floating proudly over the donjon as in days of yore: his bosom throbs, and his breath comes thick:—a moment more, and the seven long years of separation are run out, and he clasps his faithful spouse to his heart.

A romantic little episode in the Bojoarian or Bavarian history, is sketched out with much spirit by the same artist, Schwind, of Vienna; and the famous battle of Ampfing has not been forgotten in these painted annals of Bavaria. The story of Duke Ludwig and the fascinating Countess of Ludmilla, of Bogen, has afforded Lindenschmidt argument for a humorous sketch. The Duke, for we must recount this story, paid court to the lady whom he afterwards married. Suspecting the honourableness of his intentions, this astute lady had recourse to a little harmless stratagem. She led our Lothario, as if by accident, into the grand hall of the castle, which was decorated with portraits of her family. Being alone with her, the Duke became exceedingly importunate in his amorous suit, when she exclaimed, "now swear before you three knights that thou wilt marry me." The Duke, deeming it impossible for mere painted effigies to stand up hereafter in judgment against him, willingly took the oath, looking on it as a matter of capricious sport on the part of the fair one; and he was not a little disconcerted when he heard the next moment the clang of the spurs and the sound of the mailed footsteps of the lady's knightly relatives, who had been concealed behind the tapestry, and been witnesses to his oath.

In this gallery of the departed we are not long in fixing on one, whose loyalty and magnanimity well merited the name of Great, Otto of Wittelsbach. A memorable transaction in his life is here represented, in the room devoted expressly to the story of Hohenstaufen, and decorated with frescoes by Lindenschmidt. Barbarossa was now far advanced in years. The pride of the refractory Lombards had been made to bite the dust: the Guelphic Lion, to whom he had once knelt for aid, though in vain, had been made to rue his fickleness and insolence, and the name of the old emperor was as a sound of thunder over the continent, from the gloomy shores of Rügen to the citron groves of Italy. The cup of his glory was full to the brim, when on a sudden the tocsin of alarm echoed through Europe, "the red cross banner has bowed before the crescent, and the cry of the Muezzins is heard from the towers of the holy city." The tide of western chivalry rolled its proud waves eastward, and Freder-

[†] Vid. Warton. Kaliburn was the name of Richard Cœur de Lion's sword, hence any sword.

rick dashed into the stream. The old man girt up his loins, and went forth with his Paladins. Long had he to see his suffering soldiers contend with famine, and thirst; and the flower of his German chivalry withered on the arid plains of Asia:

Full sorely pinched with hunger dread,
They'd stoned good store, but little bread,
And many a German rider-man
Was stranger quite to drinking can.

But the tough old Swabians were lads of mettle. The battle of Iconium was fought and won; a hundred thousand Moslems, thrice told, were put to the rout, and echoing the pious shout of Frederick, "Christus vincit," the German knights stormed and sacked the city. But the victorious chief had now reached the zenith of his glory; and we shudder as we see him, horse and rider, swallowed up in the yawning waves of the Selenph or Calycednus. His bones were inhumed at Tyre. But like Arminius and Wittekind, who, according to popular tradition, slumber at Gerold's-deck, ready to rush with their faithful Cheruscii to the rescue of their dear Germany in her hour of greatest need, so Barbarossa yet lives in the opinion of the vulgar. It is in the vast caverns undermining the lofty Untersberg, that he and his jolly knights keep court, and there they shall "dree their weird" till the last trump summons them again to outer air.

Years rolled on and the pride of the Staufen was fallen from its high estate. The Red-beard's bones lay under the burning sun of Asia; the second Frederick was murdered in Southern Italy, and the luckless Manfred had lost his life and kingdom by the machinations of Charles of Anjou, and been denied even Christian burial. The long and brilliant line of Swabian emperors was at an end. The star of the race was set, but a few faint beams shot feebly over the brow of the young Conratin. This young prince lived partly with his uncle, the Duke of Bavaria, but generally in the mountain castle of his race, solacing himself with his sole remaining joy, his harp, and composing love ditties, one of which is still extant. It may easily be supposed that the rightful heir to the throne of Charlemagne recoiled from this inglorious ease and obscure destiny; so that he willingly embraced the offer of the Ghibellines to help him to mount the throne of Apulia. In the outset fortune seemed to favour him, and he had even won the day on the plain of Scaracola, when his troops, off their guard, and dispersed, were surprised by an ambuscade. Conratin fled to the castle of Count John Frangipani. The perfidious Italian sold his guest into the murderous fangs of him of Anjou, and Conratin perished on the block at Rome in 1268, his last words being, "Mother, what sorrow I prepare for thee."

The fate of another branch, though an illegitimate one, of the noble stem, is also made the subject for some excellent fresco: Engio, king of Sardinia, and natural son of the Emperor Frederick II. He was the handsomest of the sons of his father. A flood of golden locks descended down to his very girdle, overshadowing a visage whose proverbial fairness strongly contrasted with the swarthy lineaments of the Guelphs. He was, like all his family, a Minnesinger. This youth was made prisoner by the Bolognese, and neither his exceeding beauty, nor his virtues, nor his father's prayers, nor his promise to pay for his ransom a silver ring, which should reach completely round the wall of Bologna, could obtain his release; and he remained prisoner from the age of twenty-four to his death. But he lived comparatively happy, drawing sweet oblivion of his woes from his books, his ballads, and his lyre.

His cage he made a quire,
As does the prisoned bird, and sang his bondage freely.

Such is an imperfect description of the subjects of the fresco paintings which adorn the apartments of the castle. Too much praise cannot be given to the princely owner, who has thus rescued a national monument from approaching decay, and decorated it after a fashion, to our judgment, so appropriate; has

Soften down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that, which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead but sculptured sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

This is the truest and noblest distinction of the Muse of Painting, when it thus, as it were, intertwines with and supports the sister Muse of History. What was before to us little better than a mere abstract conception, is rendered palpable by the magic wand of the limner; while, on the other hand, the forms of paint and colour snatch, in their turn, light, life, and inspiration from the Promethean touch of the Bard. Thus so many new landmarks are set up for the beholder, and direct his way securely and clearly over the confused wilderness of bygone centuries. He feels himself bodily transported to those very scenes as they were acted in the olden time. Those great men of his country, whose actions he had peradventure seen before, but darkly, through the dim glass of tradition, he now beholds face to face, and this illustrated chronicle is stamped henceforward indelibly on his recollection. Let it, moreover, be remembered, that all may enter here, and survey the treasures of art which the building contains.

RESTORATIONS.

WE recently called the attention of our readers to the numerous examples by which, on the continent, a spirit of veneration for the monumental edifices of past generations in general, and for ecclesiastical remains in particular, has evinced itself—in vigorous attempts at repair and restoration where these were practicable, and provision for careful preservation where they were not: and a correspondent has given, in this and last week's paper, an interesting account of the restorations at Hohenenschwangau. It is not fitting that we should omit to notice the conspicuous manifestations of the same feeling at home, which has already restored many ancient edifices, and more recently been elaborately engaged, at cost and with a magnificence exceeding any similar attempt in this country, in the restoration of one of the most ancient and interesting of all our national monuments, the Temple Church: and it should be recorded to the honour of the two Societies occupying that seat of ancient religious chivalry, that the whole of the vast expenditure incurred in this work of taste, has been defrayed from their own joint private funds. In all the local journals, we find proofs that this spirit is abroad among us—at Hereford, Oxford, Cambridge, &c. Such of our readers as reside in the neighbourhood of London, have, no doubt, already admired the Ladye Chapel at St. Saviour's, Southwark, the restorations at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate, and observed other and equally interesting evidence of a like character. St. George's Chapel, Windsor, also comes within their reach, where extensive repairs are going on under the advice of Mr. Blore. The modern glass is to be removed, and ancient stained glass substituted, and when this cannot be procured, new will be used of a superior character, and in harmony with it. The repairs of the great west window have been just completed under Mr. Willement's direction. At Eton, the estimated expense of the alterations is nearly 30,000*l.* The College Chapel has already undergone very extensive alterations. The side walls of the principal part of the edifice, were covered with wainscot to a considerable height—this, and also the screen which concealed the fine old Gothic stonework, have been removed, and the old altar-piece, as well as several ancient monuments, brought to light. A stone pulpit elaborately carved is being erected near the altar, in keeping with the character of the edifice. It is also in contemplation to remove the remainder of the wainscoting, and throw back the screen and organ gallery about sixteen feet into the ante-chapel. The old organ has been removed, and a new one erected at a cost of 800 guineas. The alterations and improvements, in the Chapel alone, will cost little less than 4,000*l.* They have been executed under the direction of Mr. Shaw. Restorations are about to be commenced at Wells. At St. Alban's—at Rochester—as we have lately had occasion to notice, and at Chichester, repair and restorations are going on in a right spirit, and at the latter the obituary window of painted glass, put up at the cost of the Dean, and in memory of his sister, has roused quite a spirit of emulation among the gentry of the neighbourhood; another has already been erected by a private gentleman—Mr. Humphrey—to the memory of his brothers; a third is preparing for Mr. Smith, the Member for the city, dedicated to

his father; and others are talked of. But we meant merely to intimate and suggest; and to record the result of observations made in a late stroll through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. There the repairs of the pavement of the south cloister have recently been completed, and the effigies of the old abbots are better protected from injury than they have ever been before. Instead of lying in the middle of the cloister, where they were subject to the tread of all careless and irreverent footsteps, they are now sheltered, almost entirely, by arches made expressly for them, under the mural seat which is carried round the cloisters. Though the position of these monuments is certainly bettered, the erroneous dates formerly ascribed to them have been suffered to remain, and the dark blue marble slab, called "Long Meg of Westminster," has been newly inscribed to "Gervasius de Blois!" The mitered figure westernmost is still given to Abbot Vitalis, celebrated for his punning epitaph.

*A vita nomen qui traxit morte vocante
Abbas Vitalis transit hieque jacet.*

as dying in 1082, though his death was in 1085, and the Abbey did not possess the privilege of using the mitre until somewhere between 1160 and 1176. Next to Vitalis is "Gisbertus Crispinus, A.D. 1114," who died in 1117. As the sculptor's hand was employed, it surely might have been worth while putting the dates right, at all events. When these repairs were commenced, some alarm was publicly expressed lest those monuments of the Abbots should be removed. The expression of these fears, though we have reason to believe they were groundless, and that the removal of the effigies was never entertained for an instant by the Dean and Chapter, is a wholesome and welcome sign of a public regard awakening towards ecclesiastical proprieties. Let it be fostered by all means. If the public is inclined to be jealous—its jealousy is far preferable to its apathy—and considering how scurvy the public has been treated with respect to Westminster Abbey in past times, and even still is, though in a diminished degree, we cannot wonder at their want of confidence in the authorities who rule over this structure. We are told that great improvements are looked for, and justly expected, from the present dean, Dr. Turton. Let us hope that they may be realized; and the *Athenæum* will not be backward in recording them. He was a patron of the Cambridge Camden Society, and we may hope that he sympathized in what that Society expressed on the management of the Abbey. He has great scope for the exercise of his good intentions. Let him at once purge the church of all money-changers. Let him make room for those who wish to pray in the Abbey by removing the dismal pews. Let him permit the religious and devout to meditate in peace over the tombs of the departed *great*, unpestered by the impudent ignorance of the blind "guides." Let him follow the example of the Templars, and remove the Pagan tombs and scoffing epitaphs into the Triforium, where there is abundance of space for the more hideous abominations. In fine, let the aims of his endeavours be to dissociate the idea of a show place, and he will prove himself to be worthy to rule over the old Abbey. But more of this hereafter.

THE LATE REV. E. T. DANIELL.

I send you the following notice of the last travels of my much lamented friend and companion, the Rev. Edward Daniell.

In the beginning of June Mr. Daniell left Lieut. Spratt and myself at Rhodes. His intention was to join H.M.S. *Monarch*, then lying off the mouth of the Xanthus, and to go in that ship to Athens. When he arrived at Xanthus he found the ruins deserted, the *Monarch* having sailed away the day before. Instead of returning to Rhodes, he went on to Adalia with Mr. Purdie, the newly appointed consul for that town, who, throughout the subsequent illnesses of Mr. Daniell, nursed him in the kindest and most affectionate manner. On the way, Mr. Daniell was seized with fever, but recovered under Mr. Purdie's care, when he imprudently resumed his excursions, anxious to clear up some doubtful point in the geography of the Pamphylian and Pisidian borders of Lycia. A second attack brought him to the verge of the grave, but through the unremitting care of his friend he was in a fair way of recovery,

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* P. 637.

when a relapse, in consequence of sleeping in the sun on the terrace of his habitation, killed him in seven days.

A fortnight before his death he felt himself sufficiently strong and collected to dictate a long letter of ten pages, giving an account of his discoveries after he left Lieut. Spratt and myself,* addressed to Capt. Graves and the officers of H.M.S. *Beacon*, between all of whom and Mr. Daniell existed a warm friendship. From that letter the following account is derived:—

His first object, starting from Adalia, was to find the much disputed site of Olbia. From the modern Greek pronunciation of Avova, and its situation near the borders of Pamphylia by the sea side, he first sought for it there, but found no ruins to warrant the conjecture. But at Chandear, among the mountains of Climax, looking down on the Pamphylian plain, and in view of the sea, he found rock tombs, sarcophagi, and remains of an extensive fortress, which he concluded was Olbia, though in none of the inscriptions did the name occur. Of this journey, he remarks, "the route by Climax was extremely interesting and beautiful, and with the exception of a few hours' ride over an excessively rocky and craggy road, to avoid wading through the sea, like the son of Philip, the whole route from Adalia to Avova passes over plain; in short, the site of Alexander's passage through the sea,—that is to say, the true Climax,—is within a few hours' ride of Adalia, for almost immediately after reaching the mountains you come to it. This, indeed, I fancy appears from a careful examination of Capt. Beaufort's expressions and map." He then revisited the supposed site of Apollonia, which we had formerly found at a place called Saharagik, but a re-examination of all the inscriptions offered no name, and he appears to have left it inclined to favour an idea of Prof. Schonbrun, that this was the fortress Marmora, mentioned by Pliny. After a few days' stay at Adalia, he again started on an expedition, which produced important fruits, but cost him his life. In this journey he first revisited Termessus, and then followed the course of the mountains, in order to see what the supposed Termessus of Koehler was. On that site he remarks—"The ruins being evidently those of an extensive church or churches, I do not think it improbable that this may have been Lyrbe. I could not find a vestige of ancient masonry, except the tombs at the side of the paved road, and a few at the bottom, with plenty of slabs and bits of pedestals scattered at distances on the plain in a Turkish burial ground. I need not say I could find no name, but I copied the few inscriptions which were legible throughout." He further remarks—"This is the site of the Pamphylian tomb and broken lion of Mr. Fellows's first work, and his valuation of the ruins is perfectly correct." From thence he proposed to go to Gherme, to see whether the ruins there were really those of Selge, as Mr. Fellows, or of Cremona, as Mr. Arundel had supposed. But on questioning his guides about Gherme and Aslagonas, they told him there were, besides the ruins at those places, other great ruins at a place called Serghe, the resemblance of which word to Selge determined him to visit them without delay. He went by way of Perge, and visited the site supposed by Mr. Fellows to be Isionda, on which he remarks—"I cannot think it Isionda, but from the extent of its ecclesiastical buildings, and from the absence of any strong city in this neighbourhood with such buildings, I cannot but think that it was Syllium." From thence he went to the reported ruins at Serghe, which he found, as he expected, were those of Selge itself. This he proved by indisputable evidence, derived from the coins and the monuments he found there. The ruins were very extensive, and magnificently situated. They included a theatre, a stadium, an agora, and remains of many temples, the columns still standing, which is rarely the case in this part of Asia Minor. At Selge he remained four days exploring the ruins, copying inscriptions, and sketching. He heard from the peasants that only one Frank had ever been there before, and that some months past, remaining a night. This was doubtless Prof. Schonbrun, who informed Mr. Spratt and me when he arrived at Rhodes, after Mr. Daniell's departure, that he had found Selge, and that the supposed Selge of former travellers was Cremona.

* For former discoveries, see Mr. Daniell's letter, *ante*, p. 657.

On Mr. Daniell's way back to Adalia, he visited the site supposed to be Syllium by Mr. Fellows, and remarking "there is not a vestige of a middle age or ecclesiastical ruin in the neighbourhood," regards it as border fortress between the Sidihi and Aspendians. After visiting Sidihi he was again attacked by fever, and, returning to Adalia, was laid up by that fatal illness, which destroyed a traveller whose talents, scholarship, and research, would have made Lydia a bright spot in the map of Asia Minor, and whose manliness of character and kindness of heart endeared him to all who had the happiness of knowing him.

I am, &c.
EDWARD FORBES.

London, Nov. 20, 1842.

LADY CALLCOTT.

[From a Correspondent.]

AFTER eleven long years of suffering, the death of this lady took place on Sunday last, at Kensington Gravelpit, in the house which the family of the Calcotts has made celebrated for nearly a century. For many years Lady Calcott can hardly be said to have left her chamber, which her taste, her kindly and enlarged associations, had made one of the most interesting of rooms. In it was accumulated an immense variety of all kinds of beautiful and sympathetic objects, calculated to render less irksome her painful confinement—a confinement the more painful to a temperament so active and excitable. Her spirit yearned to be about and stirring, whilst illness kept her body a close prisoner. Prints, choice and rare as works of art, or associated with loved objects, covered the walls, unless otherwise occupied by paintings or sculptures, memorials of Wilkie, and Chantrey, and others. Books and portfolios filled a large space of the room. Curiosities of Natural History abounded on all the ledges. A little bed was placed in a recess, close to a window, against which vines had been trained as natural blinds, and living arborescences were made among the shoots and branches by the mice and birds, as they came, half tamed, to take the meals which Lady Calcott daily placed for them:—a sort of pensioner bird, too feeble to sing or to hop, was a constant companion and an object of her kind solicitude, and a noble hound was a privileged visitor at all times. None will feel Lady Calcott's loss more than the little children, who were always encouraged as loved and welcome guests, and for whom her kindness had always prepared some little present of doll. Not a small part of this lady's last years was spent in providing amusement and instruction for them, and successfully, too, as the many editions of 'Little Arthur's History of England' prove. A work previous to the 'Scripture Herbal,' noticed a week or two ago in the *Athenæum*, was a delightfully simple and natural tale—"The Little Brackenburners."

Few women had seen so much of mankind, or travelled so much, and none perhaps have turned the results of their activity to more benevolent account. A great part of her early life was spent either at sea or in travel. From her very youth she had been associated with nautical life, as the daughter of Captain Dundas, and to the last, no subject was more animating to her than a ship, and no hero excited her enthusiasm to so high a degree as Nelson. She was born, the writer of this hasty and unworthy record of her believes, in the same year as Lord Byron, 1788; and before she was twenty-one years of age, she was travelling in India, the wife of Capt. Graham. According to the account in her travels, she went to India as early as 1809, and visited all the three Presidencies, making acquaintances at all of them, learned for Oriental knowledge and research. She visited the Cave of Elephanta, the Island of Salsette, the excavations of Carli, in the Mahratta Mountains, and Poomah, the Mahratta capital. On her return to Bombay, she voyaged along the coast as far as Negombo, afterwards visiting Trincomali, on the east side of the island on her way to Madras. From Madras she went to Calcutta, which terminated her travels in India, as she only returned to the Coromandel coast to embark for England in the beginning of 1811. She published these travels in 1812, being then twenty-four years of age. Ten years afterwards she sailed with Captain Graham for South America. In the meantime she had resided in Italy, and published two works; one, 'Three Months in the Environs of Rome,' 1820; a second, 'The Me-

moirs of the Life of Poussin,' in the same year. Captain Graham, who commanded the *Doris*, died on the voyage to South America, and his remains were carried into Valparaiso, and interred within the fortress. His wife was in Chili during the series of earthquakes, which lasted from the 20th of November 1822, to January 1823; and scarcely a day passed without receiving violent shocks. It was with difficulty she escaped from her house, which was partly laid in ruins. The first shock of this series left but twenty houses and one church standing in all the large town of Quillota. "The market place" (quoting from her Diary) "was filled with booths and bowers of myrtle and roses, under which feasting and revelry, dancing, fiddling, and masking were going on, and the whole was a scene of gay dissipation, or, rather, dissoluteness. The earthquake came—in an instant all was changed. Instead of the sounds of the viol and the song, there arose a cry of *Misericordia! misericordia!* and a beating of the breasts, and a prostration of the body; and the thorns were plaited into crowns which the sufferers pressed on their heads till the blood streamed down their faces, the roses being now trampled under foot. Some ran to their falling houses, to snatch thence children, forgotten in the moments of festivity, but dear in danger. The priests wrung their hands over their fallen altars, and the chiefs of the people fled to the hills. Such was the night of the nineteenth at Quillota." During her stay in South America, Mrs. Graham became the instructress of Donna Maria. Some years afterwards she married Mr. Calcott, the Royal Academician, and with him again visited Italy. Among the published fruits of this tour, may be mentioned Lady Calcott's account of Giotto's Chapel, at Padua, a privately printed work, with exquisite engravings—remembrances drawn by Sir Augustus Calcott—and a kind contribution to the illustrated edition of the Seven Ages of Shakespeare. Lady Calcott also published a History of Spain, in two volumes, in 1828. And after the commencement of her illness, arising from the rupture of a blood-vessel, she published 'Essays towards the History of Painting,' 1836, which involved so great an amount of labour, that her declining health and strength obliged her to abandon it before completion. A few words only can now record her character. Noble, direct, generous, forgiving, quick, sensitive, kind, sympathetic, and religious, all that knew her will hold her memory in affectionate remembrance. Her acquirements and knowledge were extensive. She was an artist both in feeling and in practice, an excellent linguist, and her memory was extremely accurate and tenacious. Her remains were buried yesterday, at Kensal Green Cemetery.

MR. JOHN VARLEY.

WE have just heard that Mr. John Varley, the well known water-colour painter, died on Thursday, the 17th, at the house of a friend in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square, and was buried on Thursday last. Mr. Varley, one of the patriarchs of our school of water-colour painters, was one of the earliest members and original founders of the Water-Colour Society, of whose exhibitions his drawings continued to the last to be among the chief attractions. Some of his finest works, indeed, were the productions of the two last years. In the outset of the Society, he was perhaps its greatest support, contributing as many as sixty pictures at a time to one Exhibition. Of all water-colour painters, none preserved greater freshness, purity and simplicity of colouring, than Mr. Varley; he surpassed, in this respect, even Turner and Girtin; and even amid the temptations of modern practices, seems steadily to have eschewed the lavish use of body colour, that rock on which water-colour painting seems destined to split. The range of his imagination was not very large, and oftentimes his treatment verged on mannerism; yet a fine classical feeling and grandeur pervaded his compositions, at times not unworthy of Gaspar Poussin himself. Unfortunately, his circumstances obliged him to work much for the dealers, and therefore down to the low level of a certain class of purchasers. No one was more prolific in what artists call "bread and cheese" drawings, as all print-shop windows testify.

Mr. Varley published some manuals of his art, which, though technical, are suggestive and useful. He notoriously indulged in astrological vagaries,

which must have tended to distract his attention from his art: indeed, his first thought seemed to be about "nativities," and his second about his pictures. Many are the stories told of the visits of fashionable young ladies to him, made ostensibly to buy a picture, but in reality to have their nativities cast. In season or out, Mr. Varley was always ready for an astrological talk. He was known as a Sidrophel in all the Bayswater omnibusses. He died in the sixtieth year of his age, of some affection of the kidneys, from which he had been lately suffering. He ventured out too early, and was seized with a relapse before he could return home. There was something touching and kind in his death; he was perfectly conscious of its approach, bade his surgeon farewell, named his friends one by one, and sent them his affectionate remembrance.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have received several letters on the subject of literary piracy, which appears, at last, to have excited some stir—at least among those directly interested. It is strange that all the remedies suggested by our correspondents require the further aid of the legislature. But why pray to Jupiter before we have put our shoulders to the wheel? Why weary the legislature, before we have tried the power of the law? Why not, as we suggested years since, associate and combine for purposes of protection? There are numberless associations for the protection of other class interests,—the bankers have combined for the prosecution of forgers, the farmers against the stealers of sheep or turnips; why not an association of the various classes interested in securing the rights of literary property? Why not of authors and publishers against literary pirates? The cost, trouble, risk, and annoyance of a prosecution, are each and all premiums offered to the pirate. Let a society be established: let the prosecution be *certain*, and the iniquitous system is at an end. The cost to each individual member would be but trifling—say 1*l*. annually for an author, and 3*l*. for a publisher—let every work be registered, and, as it were, insured with the Society, by depositing a copy and paying a small fee. Any member, whose copyright was infringed, would at once submit his case to the Committee of Management, and the Committee, if so advised by counsel, would take legal measures to punish the wrong-doer. The mere effect of such an association would, in our opinion, put an end to the system. But the Association might be made still more effective and useful. The Committee should take immediate measures to secure to the members, so far as practicable, the benefit of the foreign market, by appointing general agents, who should, on agreed terms, conduct all republications; and these agents might, if necessary or advisable, be furnished with proof sheets, so as to ensure simultaneous publication. We throw out these hints for consideration; but are not wedded to our own plans, and shall be happy to aid in carrying into effect any better scheme that may be suggested.

The hospitable citizens of Cork seem resolved to give a hearty welcome to the members of the British Association, and have already commenced active preparations. A meeting took place last week, which, as we learn from the *Cork Examiner*, was attended by all the most respectable and influential gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood, at which it was resolved that the reception of the Association should be, in the words of the resolution, "worthy of ourselves, our visitors, and our country." A local Council was forthwith appointed to make and direct the general arrangements, organize Committees of Correspondence in London, Dublin, &c., and send invitations to distinguished foreigners; and Committees were nominated, to whom were intrusted the duty of forming collections relating to agricultural, zoological, and geological subjects, and procuring scientific communications uniting local and general interest. It was further resolved to hold, during the meeting, an exhibition of the manufactures of Ireland, including the tabinets of Dublin, the linens of Belfast, and the lace fabrics of Limerick; and to request the Committee of the Art Union not to open the exhibition of Pictures next year until the meeting of the Association, and that it be not confined to the productions of modern artists, but that it be open for the exhibition of works of eminent artists living and dead, connected with Ireland.

The Royal Irish Art Union have agreed, it is said, with Mr. Golding for 600*l*. to engrave the "Peep into Futurity," by Macleane.

A letter from Cape Coast Castle gives a lamentable account of the close of the Niger Expedition. Our opinion of the whole project is well known; but we cannot but believe that the report of the writer has been somewhat coloured by prejudice or passion. Our readers will probably remember, that when Capt. W. Allen was about to re-ascend the river, orders were received that one vessel only should be employed, and that for the sole purpose of bringing away the people from the Model Farm: accordingly, says the writer, "The Wilberforce, under charge of Lieut. Webb, proceeded up the river, and found the Model Farm a very perfect model of disorganization. The blacks who had been left at it having plenty of cowries (a species of Indian shell used as money) and goods, voted themselves to be independent country gentlemen, and managed to get hold of a lot of natives, whom they very coolly made slaves of, and whom they compelled to work on the farm, each gentleman being provided with a cat, or slave-driver's whip, the better to enforce obedience. The model farmer himself (Carr, brother of the Chief Justice of Sierra Leone) has never been heard of, and had, as it afterwards appeared, been killed somewhere near the mouth of the river. The Wilberforce brought away farm implements, people and all, and those of the latter belonging to this place are now being discharged here. The steamer got on a rock in the river, where she remained five days, and came down with a hole in her bottom, which now compels her to go home. So much for the last speech and dying words of the far-famed Niger expedition. A more mismanaged piece of business from beginning to end is not, I will venture to say, to be found recorded in any history."

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquities (Copenhagen) held a quarterly meeting on the 27th of October last; when M. Rafn, the secretary, and M. Finn Magnusen, offered communications respecting some runic inscriptions recently brought to light, with the interpretation of them. The president laid before the Society a letter from Count Giuseppe de Cigalla, giving an account of the most important hitherto unpublished inscriptions in the Isle of Santorino, one of the Cyclades, anciently called Thera, and in the earliest times Callista. Dr. Lund, in a letter from Lagoa Santa, communicated a curious circumstance, first mentioned in the Journal of the Brazilian Institute; namely, that there had been found in St. Paul the will of one João Ramalho, signed on the 3rd of May, 1580, by the notary Lourenço Vaz, in the presence of several witnesses, whose signatures were also affixed, in which it was stated that the testator had lived ninety years in that place; he must accordingly have arrived in 1490, or two years before the discovery of America by Columbus. But this assertion is undoubtedly incorrect, as is proved, indeed, by the historian Fra Gaspar, who relates, that when Martin Alfonso de Sousa, the first discoverer of this part of Brazil, landed at St. Vincent, in 1532, he there received important services from Ramalho, who had married the daughter of an Indian chief.

An anecdote is told in the *Gazette du Midi*, that when Espertero sent the Order of Charles III. to Béranger, the poet returned it to the Regent, with a letter in verse, thanking him for the intended honour; but adding, that having declined being made a member of the French Academy, he could not accept honours from a foreign government.—The French papers announce the death, at the early age of thirty, of M. de Roca, the last survivor of the children of Madame de Staél—so that the children of the Due de Broglie are the sole descendants of that celebrated woman, and of her father, M. Necker.—Captain Duperrey, well known for his works on terrestrial magnetism, his researches on the currents of the ocean, and his voyages of circumnavigation on board the *Coquille*, has been elected to the chair of the late Baron de Freycinet, in the Marine section of the Academy of Sciences; and our countryman, Mr. Onslow, to the chair in the Academy of the Fine Arts, vacant by the death of M. Chevruini. The candidates were Onslow and Adolphe Adam; the votes for Onslow 19, and for Adam 17.—A novelty, if indeed a new Opera by Donizetti can

be called such, has been produced at the Italian Opera: this being "Linda di Chamounix," which was written for Vienna, where it was given during the Spring of this year. The principal parts are taken by Madame Persiani, Signori Mario, Tamburini, the two Lablaches, and Signore Brambilla; the last-named is newer to Paris than her comrades, but has made little impression there. The work altogether has only been moderately successful. The composer is under engagement to write another, expressly for the Italian Theatre, to be produced in the course of the season.

We have also a touching account of the ceremony of inaugurating a small chapel to the memory of the victims of the railway accident of the 8th May, on the spot of its occurrence at Bellevue. The monument dedicated to *Notre-Dame-des-Flammes*, is triangular in form, built entirely of hewn stone, supported on three large columns, and surmounted by a small statue of its patron saint. On the principal facade, over the door of entrance, is inscribed "Peace to the Victims of the 8th May!" Within, above the altar, is a second statue of "Our-Lady-of-the-Flames" having, like the other, for its base, a burning globe, on which is cut, in characters representing flame, the words—"To the Victims of the 8th May, 1842,"—and beneath, "Oh, good and tender Mary! preserve us from the flames of earth! still more from those of Eternity!" The chapel has no other ornament. The relatives of the victims were present in great numbers, joining in the mass for the dead; and the surrounding banks were crowded with silent and sympathising spectators. The journals also speak of two colossal statues—the first representing *Constitutional France*, holding in one hand a flag, and with the other depositing a vote in the electoral urn—the second clothed in a lion's skin, treading Corruption and Tyranny under foot, and representing *Liberty*—which M. Gayraud has just finished, for the Hemicycle of the Chamber of Deputies. They are of French marble.—A monument is about to be erected, in their native town of Bayeux, to three distinguished brothers, with the following inscription—"Here were born in the 14th century, Alain Chartier, Poet, Orator and Historian,—and his two Brothers, Jean, Historiographer to Charles VIII., and Guillaume, Bishop of Paris."

We alluded last week to a literary and scientific mission under the distinguished linguist, Francis Bopp, which the Prussian king has sent to the East Indies; and may add, as another proof of the practical interest which all that relates to these vast countries is now inspiring, that the French government has sent out a young Orientalist, M. Ch. Ochoa, to explore the regions of Central Asia, situated between Cashmere and Cafristan. His instructions are to collect information relating to the history and geography of those countries, to the affinity existing between the different tribes, their languages, literature, and other analogous monuments.

The King of Prussia has created a chair of Political Economy in the University of Bonn; and has appointed as its first professor Herr Dahlmann, dismissed, in 1837, from his situation of professor at the University of Gottingen, for his energetic protest against the tampering of King Ernest with the constitution of Hanover. The only other bits of German news which we have to offer our readers are—that Liszt has been appointed Kapellmeister Extraordinary to the Grand-duke of Saxe Weimar, an office which imposes on him the duty of directing the court concerts, and requires a residence of three months in the year at Weimar: and that he and Rubini have each received from the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, the decoration of the order of Saint Ernest.

We regret to gather, from the reports of travellers, and from an energetic remonstrance addressed to the Paris papers, that the great and useful work, the road over the Simplon, is in imminent danger of being destroyed for want of needful repairs. "Whilst the northern slope," says the writer, "is in a state of perfect preservation, the southern slope, from the point at which it enters the dominions of the King of Sardinia, is in such a ruined condition, that unless a remedy be promptly applied, it will be, ere long, utterly impassable for any sort of vehicle—dangerous even for beasts of burthen and foot passengers. It was only at the risk, a hundred times incurred, of breaking my carriage

to pieces long and thin, over down by Domon distract, "unimpor rains of bring thi govern magnific

This is of the ex show the end shop during the evening, Choral Society one of the for spec met his account to have Thursda Hall by Gauntlet of that gen of classic on 'God fine one. But the of which less trust of Cove consequence a total ch the re-in that un give his pered, a Opera is stated latation, w

The Noblment Placed by THE SHIP placed by

The DA Bachofen most recec. BATH, DIAGRAPH, CHINE, STEAM—each week. Eighteene will, and Dr. Ra and half-prize

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to pieces—for whose passage at all I had to make long and frequent circuits on the sides of the mountain, over fallen fragments of rock and blocks brought down by the waters—that I succeeded in reaching Domo d'Ossola."—"Just now," adds this remonstrant, "the needful reparations would be easy and unimportant; but it is to be apprehended that the rains of autumn, and the melting of the snows, will bring things into such a condition, that the Sardinian government will shrink from the expense, and this magnificent road be lost."

This has been a busy week for music—though some of the exhibitions included in its course have been less showy than those that tapestry the walls of the west-end shops with monster play bills and giant capitals during the season. The third *Subscription Concert* took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening, but without the aid of the Professional Choral Society, whence the performance was merely one of those common-place miscellanies not calling for special report. On Tuesday evening Mr. Mainzer met his friends and singing classes, to give them an account of his provincial wanderings—which appear to have been successful to his heart's content. On Thursday evening the new organ, erected in Crosby Hall by Mr. Lincoln, according to the plans of Mr. Gauntlett (to whom much is owing for the introduction of the German style of building) was opened by that gentleman, who performed a well varied selection of classical music, wound up by a happy improvisation on 'God Save the Queen.' The instrument is a very fine one, and the performance gave great satisfaction. But the stir of stir has been in the theatres, the fruits of which will presently transpire, unless rumour be less trustworthy than usual. It is said, that the closing of Covent Garden on this and yesterday evening, consequent on Miss Kemble's indisposition, implies a total change of management—being none other than the re-installment of Mr. Bunn in office. It is divined, that under such circumstances, the new lessee will give his undivided attention to opera. It is whispered, also, that Madame Vestris takes the English Opera House from New Year's Day till Easter. It is stated...but, perhaps, in place of further speculation, we had better wait for announcements.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public are informed, that this establishment will be SHORTLY CLOSED for the season, when both Pictures, now exhibiting, viz., THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, will be removed, and replaced by subjects of great novelty and interest. Open from 10 till 4.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The DAILY PUBLIC LECTURES, by Dr. Ryan, Professor Bachofner, and other Lecturers, are varied and extended to all the most interesting topics of the DAY, and SCIENCE, and are familiarly illustrated by means of the various APPARATUS, and DISPLAYS, &c., &c.—COLONIAL EXHIBITION.—Dr. Lardner's Working and Scientific MODELS of the STEAM-ENGINE, &c., &c. The subject of the Daily Lectures (for each week) is suspended in the Hall, and the hour at which they are delivered are Twelve, Two, and Three o'clock in the Day, and at Eight, Nine, and Ten at Night. Saturday evenings, the lectures will be on the STRUCTURE and FUNCTIONS of the EYE, by Dr. Raleigh Baxter. The extensive Exhibition is open Morning, and Evening, except Saturday Evenings.—Admission, 1s. Schools, half-price.

THE THAMES TUNNEL

is OPEN to Visitors daily, (Sunday excepted,) from 9 A.M. until 5 P.M., and is brilliantly lighted with Gas. The Entrance is only on the Middlesex side of the River, close to the Tunnel Pier, Wapping (The Shaft at Rotherhithe being closed for a short time longer, to finish the new Staircase.) Admittance, 1s. each.

Order of the Board of Directors.—
Company's Office, J. CHAILLER,
2, Walbrook Buildings, City, Clerk of the Company.
November, 1842.

N.B.—Steam Boats to the Tunnel Pier at Wapping, from Hungerford, Adelphi, Temple-Bar, Blackfriars Bridge, Old Shades, Old Swan, and Adelaide Piers, London Bridge.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 19.—Captain W. J. Eastwick in the chair.—Professor Royle read a paper on the cultivation of the silk-worm at Candahar, written by Captain T. Hutton, of the Indian army. The silk-worm cultivated in the vicinity of Candahar is, without doubt, an importation from China, notwithstanding the assertion of the Afghans, that both the insect and the mulberry-tree are indigenous in the Hazareh Hills; whence, say they, both were brought to Candahar. Captain Hutton is of opinion, that if the plant and insect were really brought from those hills, they must have been carried there from China in early times, and the former must have been cultivated for the value of the fruit, which is an abundant source of nutriment to the people of those hills, while the silk-

worm was probably looked upon merely as a pest, until the discovery of the use of silk gave it a commercial value greater than that of the leaves upon which it fed. Two sorts of worm are known to the Afghans, the larger evidently the Chinese bombyx; the smaller one, of which Captain Hutton could not procure a specimen, probably a degenerate species, which is cultivated only by a few poor villagers, who had not access to the other sort. Afghanistan produces five species of mulberry, of the black, red, and white kinds. Two sorts are chiefly cultivated for the silk-worm; the others serve as food for the people. Recent events have tended very much to destroy the mulberry throughout the country; and there can be no doubt, that since the paper was written, a more serious destruction of these valuable trees has taken place. Much of the detail read was on the mode of culture, which varies little from what is already known in other parts of the world; but much was communicated respecting the cost of production, which might be of great value, if it should have been determined to remain in possession of Afghanistan. The usual mode of hatching the eggs is to enclose them in little bags, and carry them close to the body for two or three days, when the animal heat brings out the insect. They are usually kept by the villagers until they have formed their cocoons, which are then sold to the spinners, reeled off, and sold to manufacturers, who again reel them for sale to the weavers and others. The cultivators provide 500 trees for every seer (2 lb.) of eggs; the trees cost four annas (6d.) each, upon an average; and the seer of eggs cost thirty Candahar rupees (2l. 5s.). This quantity requires the attendance of about fifty men, who are paid each from five to six Candahar rupees per month (7s. 6d. to 12s.); and the time consumed is nearly two months. The cultivator sells the cocoon to the spinner at nine to eleven annas per seer (7d. to 8d. per lb.). The spinner furnishes the raw silk to the manufacturer at 18.12 to 15 Company's rupees per seer (18s. 9d. to 15s. per lb.). The cost of reeling is 1.14 Company's rupees, each time: in all 3.12 rupees per seer, or 3s. 9d. per lb. The seer of eggs, if carefully cultivated, yields sixty maunds (4,800 lb.) of cocoons, which are reduced two-thirds by the drying up of the pupa within them. Each seer of dried cocoons yields three chittacks (6 oz.) of silk; so that a seer of eggs produces three maunds and thirty seers of raw silk (300 lb.), the sale price of which may vary from 90 to 106,000 Company's rupees (10,000). The outlay for this quantity is less than 50,000 rupees, including the purchase of eggs, the cost of trees, wages, of attendants, and the expense of reeling. In making the above calculation, the writer supposes that the trees are purchased, and the silk reeled by hired workmen; but if the cultivation were undertaken by government, plantations might be made on the waste land, which abounds everywhere; and a superior machinery for reeling would, of course, be employed, which would very much raise the rate of profit, and very probably improve the quality of the silk. The spinners in Afghanistan make advances to the cultivator, and receive a large proportion of the produce in exchange. There are but two spinners now employed in Candahar, and they are not in full work (May, 1840). From the last inquiries made by Captain Hutton, no more than twenty seers of eggs could be reared within ten miles of Candahar, there not being trees enough for more than that quantity.

The Lord Viscount Jocelyn, M.P., was elected a resident member.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The Council have awarded the following premiums:—A medal in silver, and a premium of books, to R. T. Atkinson, for his paper 'On the sinking and tubbing, or coffering of Pits, as practised in the Coal Districts of the North of England'—Medal in silver to W. Cotton, for his 'Memoir of Captain Huddart'—Medal in silver to the Chevalier F. W. Conrad, for his 'History of the Canal of Katwyk (Holland), with an Account of the Principal Works upon it'—Medal in silver to J. J. Wilkinson, for his 'Historical Account of the various kinds of Sheathing for Vessels'—Premium of books to T. Casebourne, for his 'Description and Drawings of part of the Works of the Ulster Canal'—Premium of books to T. G. Hardie, for his 'Description and Drawings of an Iron Work'

in South Wales'—Premium of books to C. Nixon, for his 'Description and Drawings of part of the Tunnels on the Great Western Railway'—Premium of books to A. J. Adie, for his 'Description and Drawings of the Bridges on the Bolton and Preston Railway'—Premium of books to J. B. Birch, for his 'Description and Drawings of the Bridge at Kingston-on-Thames'—Premium of books to R. Richardson, for his 'Description and Drawings of part of the Works of the London Docks'—Premium of books to J. Combe, for his 'Description and Drawings of Messrs. Marshall's New Flax Mill, at Leeds'—Premium of Books to C. Denroche, for his 'Description and Drawings of the Apparatus used for compressing Gas, for the purposes of Illumination, &c.'—Premium of books to A. Stephens, for his 'Description of the Explosion of a Steam Boiler at the Pen-y-darran Iron Works, South Wales'—Premium of books to G. Ellis, for the drawings illustrating the 'Description, Specification, and Estimates of the Calder Viaduct, on the Wishaw and Coltness Railway; with the Series of Experiments on the deflection of Trussed Timber Beams for that work, by J. Macneill'—Premium of books to T. Chalmers, for the drawings illustrating the 'Report on the Sinking of two experimental Brick Cylinders, in an attempt to form a Tunnel across the River Thames, by John Isaacs Hawkins.'

The Council offer premiums for, and invite communications on the following as well as other subjects:—1. The original cost, annual expense, and durability of Timber Bridges, compared with similar structures in Stone, Brick, or Iron.—2. A description of the Canal of the Helder (Holland), or of any Foreign Engineering Works of a similar kind and importance.—3. The modes of Irrigation in use in Northern Italy; of Drainage adopted in the Lowlands of the United Kingdom; or works of a similar nature in Holland, or in other countries.—4. On any of the principal Rivers of the United Kingdom (the Shannon), or of Foreign Countries (the Po, Italy), describing their physical characteristics, and the Engineering works upon them.—5. An account of the waste or increase of the Land on any part of the coast of Great Britain, the nature of the Soil, the direction of the Tides, Currents, Rivers, Estuaries, &c., with the means adopted for retarding or preventing the waste of the Land.—6. The various kinds of Limes and Cement employed in Engineering Works.—7. The best and most economical mode of raising large Stones or Rocks from the beds of Rivers or Harbours.—8. The conveyance of Fluids in Pipes, under pressure, and the circumstances which usually affect the velocity of their currents.—9. The means of rendering large supplies of Water available for the purpose of extinguishing Fires, and the best application of manual power to the working of Fire Engines.—10. The most advantageous method of employing the power of a Stream of Water, where the height of the fall is greater than can be applied to Water Wheels of the usual construction.—11. The construction of large Chimneys, as affecting their draught; with examples and drawings.—12. On the ventilation of Coal Pits or Mines, in Great Britain or in Foreign Countries.—13. The relative merits of Granite and Wood Pavements and Macadamised Roads, derived from actual experience.—14. The Smelting and Manufacture of Copper.—15. The Smelting and Manufacture of Iron, either with Hot or Cold Blast, in Great Britain or in Foreign Countries.—16. The comparative advantages of Iron and Wood, or of both materials combined, as employed in the construction of Steam Vessels; with drawings and descriptions.—17. The Sizes of Steam Vessels of all classes, whether River or Sea-going, in comparison with their Engine Power: giving the principal dimensions of the Engines and Vessels, draught of water, tonnage, speed, consumption of fuel, &c.—18. The various mechanism for propelling Vessels, in actual or past use.—19. The description of any Meter in practical use for accurately registering the quantity of Water for supplying Steam Boilers, or for other purposes.—20. Deductions from direct experiment of the degree of Condensation which is most favourable for the working of Steam Engines, as regards the production of mechanical power, stating the inconveniences resulting from the use of Steam at a high pressure, and showing how such inconveniences may be remedied; with simple rules for indicating the

proper temperature of the discharged water—21. The various modes adopted for moving Earth in Railway Tunnels, Cuttings, or Embankments, with the cost thereof—22. On Stone Blocks and Timber Sleepers on Sills, with or without continuous Bearings, for Railways—23. The results of experience as regards the consumption of Power for a given effect, on Railways having different widths of Gauge; with the advantages or disadvantages attributable to any established width of Gauge—24. On the forging of Solid Axles for Locomotive Engines and Railway Carriages, which are subjected to great strain, noticing particularly whether the Iron used be of a cold-short or red-short quality, the relative strength of the two qualities, and whether the size of the Crystals appears to influence the cohesive strength of the metal—25. The advantages of large and small hollow Wrought Iron Shafts for Machinery, Axles for Carriages, &c., the best mode of manufacturing them, and the formulæ for computing the strength—26. Memoirs, and Accounts of the Works and Inventions of any of the following Engineers:—Sir Hugh Middleton; Arthur Woolf; Jonathan Hornblower; Richard Trevithick; and William Murdoch (of Soho).—The communications must be forwarded, on or before the 31st of May 1843, to the house of the Institution, No. 25, Great George Street, Westminster.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 21.—T. Tooke, Esq., V.P. in the chair.
This being the first meeting of the season, a numerous list of donations was reported.

An extract of a letter was read from Prof. Holst, of Christiania, stating that a Committee appointed by the Norwegian government had come to the determination of recommending the solitary system of confinement in the new prisons that are to be built in Norway, and that £32,000 will be required to erect seven penitentiaries, capable of containing 2,115 prisoners.

A paper 'On the Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes in the Inner Ward of the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square,' by C. R. Weld, Esq., was read. The inquiry was originated by Lord Sandon, V.P. of the Society, and conducted at his Lordship's expense, under the direction of Mr. Weld, who selected a trustworthy agent to visit the classes under consideration. The portion of the parish chosen for the inquiry is known as the inner ward, and is bounded on the north by part of Oxford Street, on the south by Piccadilly, on the east by part of Regent Street, Old Burlington Street, and Sackville Street, and on the west by Park Lane. The population of the parish was, according to the late census, 66,433. There were 7,628 houses inhabited, 342 uninhabited, and 187 building. The number of houses visited by the agent was 690, and the number of families 1,465, which consisted of 2,804 children, 220 of whom were ill, 2,980 adults, of whom 174 males, and 339 females, were ill, and 161 aged and infirm persons, of whom 27 males, and 79 females were ill, in all, 5,245 individuals. The greater part of the parish being occupied by the houses of the higher classes and of opulent tradesmen, this portion of the metropolis does not offer so wide a field for inquiry into the state of the working classes as most others; but the latter are, in the present case, placed in a peculiar position, by their proximity to so large a number of their superiors in fortune. In several parts of the inner ward under consideration, the agent found families confined in small streets, courts, and yards, and yet paying extremely high rents for their dwellings. There were 2,174 rooms among 1,465 families, and they were divided as follows: one room to each family, 929, two rooms, 408, three rooms, 94, four rooms, 17, five rooms, 8, and six rooms, 4. The average amount of weekly rent was 4s. 3d. for an unfurnished room, while in the parishes of St. John and St. Margaret, Westminster, the average rent paid by the working classes, is only 2s. 11½d. Many families, unable to pay the above amount, inhabit miserable little garrets and front and back cellars in confined situations at a rent of 1s. 6d. or. 2s. a week. In the latter, numerous families complained of damp, and rheumatism was found to be rather prevalent. The high rents and want of employment were adduced as reasons for the number of articles that were pledged. In winter it is the custom of several families to pawn part of their

furniture, trusting to be able to redeem the articles in spring or summer, when employment may enable them to do so. The number of beds amounted to 2,510, which gives an average of 2.3 persons to each bed. They were thus distributed: one bed to each family, 623; two beds, 638; three beds, 154; four beds, 21; five beds, 8; six beds, 3; there were seven dwellings found without any description of bed. The families and individuals residing in mews, over-stables, and coach houses, were found to be more comfortably and commodiously lodged, and their rooms better furnished than those lodging in streets, which may be accounted for from the circumstance of their generally not paying any rent. The occupations of the heads of the families were as follows: men employed in building trades, 119; in clothing trades, 184; as coachmen, footmen, grooms, &c., 496; as labourers and porters, 173; other occupations, 401; not employed, 77; of the women, there were 338 employed in domestic service; 179 in needlework, and 1,026 were not employed in any business. In a great many rooms there were laundresses found engaged in washing, drying, and ironing clothes. But very few children were employed at home, their parents generally sending them, when sufficiently old, as apprentices to tradesmen or to service. The moral condition of the families, as represented by a return of religious books found in their dwellings, is far superior to that of the working classes in Westminster. In St. George's parish, 999 families were found to possess a bible, testament, and prayer book; 50, a bible and prayer book; 48 a testament and prayer book; 92 a bible; 48 a testament, and 62 a prayer book, forming a total of 1,299 families possessing religious books, 166 did not possess any religious books. The religious professions of the families were as follows: church of England, 1,233; Roman Catholics, 77; dissenters of other denominations, 124; no religious profession, 19; 1,360 families were in the habit of attending public worship, and 90 stated that they did not attend. In Westminster only one-half of the families visited, attended public worship. 610 children attended day schools; 519 Sunday schools, and 449 infant schools, making a total of 1,608 attending schools; 1,196 children did not attend school; but of these 220 were too young to receive any education, and 31 were instructed by their parents. The weekly payments of the children attending school were as follows: 1d., and not exceeding 3d., a week, 216; 3d., and not exceeding 6d., 151; 6d., and not exceeding 9d., 30; 9d., and not exceeding 1s., 44; 1s., and not exceeding 1s. 6d., 54; 1s. 6d., and not exceeding 3s. 18; making a total of 514 children paying for schooling, and 1,094 children did not pay any sum. The newspapers read by the different families were observed, and were as follows: Times read by 57 families; Chronicle, 14; Morning Herald, 11; Morning Post, 9; Morning Advertiser, 83; Weekly Dispatch, 283; Sunday Times, 79; Bell's Life in London, 23; miscellaneous, 56; the Northern Star was read by one family. In all, there were 616 families reading newspapers, and 823 not reading newspapers; 84 rooms possessed pictures of a serious and religious nature; 56 theatrical and amatory; 768 miscellaneous, and 1,266 rooms were without any pictures. The supply of water to the houses was abundant; but complaints were made of the want of sufficient capacity in the cisterns, butts, &c. to contain a good stock between the days when it is turned on. The privies were generally found decent; but it is to be regretted, that but one privy should be accessible to frequently as many as thirty or forty individuals; 550 of the heads of the families were born in London, 779 in other parts of England, 85 in Ireland, 27 in Scotland, 10 in Wales, and 14 in foreign countries. The usual length of time that the families had resided in their dwellings, was from one month to three years; there were only eight cases of families having been stationary for a period exceeding thirty years. It may be stated, in conclusion, that many of the poorer portion of the working classes acknowledge, with gratitude, the assistance that had been rendered to them by the Coal Society established in Grosvenor Mews.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 23.—T. Hoblyn, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A description was read, of Mr. Cutler's safe chain for mines and suspension bridges. It is constructed so as not to depend entirely for its strength on the pins by which the links are held

together. The links of one series, connected laterally by the pins, have short hollow cylinders which fit into cylindrical sockets in intermediate links, which form the next series in the length of the chain. A hollow axis is thus formed by the several "pummels" or cylindrical projections, and the pin is passed through them and fastened in the usual way. The pin is thus relieved of a considerable portion of the strain, and in the event of its fracture the weight would be supported by the cylinders, provided the lateral separation of the links were not considerable.—A paper was read, on the advantages to be derived from the use of welded iron tubes for locomotive and marine engine boilers, by Mr. Cutler. After describing the process of manufacturing the tubes which are welded with a lap-joint and afterwards drawn, Mr. Cutler gives an estimate of the comparative expense of iron, brass, and brass-coated tubes, and remarks on the causes of the decay of brass tubes in locomotive boilers.—Mr. Perkins gave a further explanation of his screw-joint for water-pipes, and a general description of his tubular boiler, of which the details were reserved for a future meeting.—Mr. Davies explained the action of his brake for railway carriages, used by the London and Birmingham Railway Company for checking the descent of the trains on the inclined plane at Euston Square. The brake, which is perfectly under the control of the brakeman, requires the application of no greater force than the ordinary brake to bring it into action. All four wheels of the carriage are grasped by it at two opposite points on each wheel, so that the axes are not strained by unequal pressure on the wheel.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT. Botanic Society, 4 P.M.

MON. Royal Geographical Society, 8 P.M.

TUES. Royal Botanical Society, 8—Anniversary.

WED. Royal Society, 1—Anniversary.

—Geological Society, 8 p. s.

THUR. Society of Arts, 1—Mr. White 'On Keene's Cement.'

FRID. Zoological Society, 3—General Business.

FRID. Botanical Society, 8.

FINE ARTS

Mr. Read, of Salisbury, to whose genius and enthusiasm we have so often borne willing testimony, has presented another volume of his 'Etchings from Nature'—the fruits of the labour of his later years to the British Museum. We passed hours over this work, "forgetful of ourselves," and all the urgent requirements of a hurried life, in admiration of the skill of the artist, and the beauty brought so unexpectedly and vividly before us. There was upland and valley, mountain and moorland—the broad expanse of shallow estuaries, the distance melting into thin air—bold cliffs and cloud-capped headlands—the breezy downs, and those quiet pastoral nooks to be met with only in down countries where pool or stream lie hid under the cool shadows of giant elms and wizard beeches, and the wearied spirit

—plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Are all too ruffled.

These, by the magic power of his art, Mr. Read had brought before us as in a pageant or a dream; each and all with its peculiar character and beauty, and, we might be justified in saying, with something of the richness of colour, for never since it was laid down by Rembrandt, has the dry point, as it is called, been used with such magical effect. If we must object—and to be critical is our vocation—we think that these beautiful works are sometimes injured by over-elaboration; that the first state of the plate is the best. In more than one instance, the sky, subsequently added, hangs like a pall over the picture. Mr. Read may say, and justly, the effect is true to nature; but it is beyond the power of his art, and Rembrandt knew this, and rarely attempted it. However, give what force we may to these small objections, there are the works, unequalled and likely to remain so—for what has the grateful world done for the artist? startled him in his provincial home with a letter of admiration from a foreign country—from Goethe, a fame and even a name unknown and unheard of by the solitary student—and then left him to toil on unrequited. But the letter which accompanied the volume best tells the story of his life:—

The Close, Salisbury, Nov. 1842.
To the Trustees of the British Museum.—Ten years ago I had the privilege of presenting to you a folio volume of my

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note.

'Etchings from Nature.' I now beg permission to offer you a second volume, containing many rare and unique impressions. I think it my duty to state that these Etchings have been produced and published in obscurity and distress; amidst which the greatest consolation and encouragement I have received, has been the approbation of the illustrious Goethe, whose sanction, I trust, is sufficient to justify me in wishing that a collection of my works should be deposited in the Museum of my country. Much of my life has been spent in the open fields, where I first discovered the principles of art; much has been spent in conveying to others the knowledge which I had myself acquired by slow and painful progress; much has been spent in "providing for the necessities of the day that was passing over me"; but if my labours bear comparison with the works of the ancient masters in the same line of art, whose achievements enrich the national collection, I shall be abundantly rewarded for the intense anxiety and thought which have been bestowed upon the Etchings, and for the chilling neglect that attended their first publication.—Commanding myself to your esteem, I remain, &c.

D. C. READ.

CONTEMPORARY MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

JOSEPH DESSAUER.

One of the most remarkable English songs put forth in the past, or indeed any late, season, is Tennyson's ballad, 'O the Earl was fair to see,' set by M. Dessauer. The amateur will not find it easy to sing, since the compass of voice demanded is extensive, the singer being obliged to rest on a sharp above the line. It demands, too, great dramatic power and boldness, the words being unusually arduous to say—nothing less than a deep and thrilling tragedy to be recited in a few verses. Hence, the song can never become widely popular; and yet there is in it that true inspiration, on the strength of which its author claims a high place among contemporary musical composers.

This favourable opinion is additionally justified, if we turn to a collection of twenty-five *Mélodies*, published in Paris during the last few years. The above title is, however, somewhat unfortunate, for it is not as a melodist that we find M. Dessauer most excellent. The tune of his 'Serenade,' it is true, is plaintive and lulling; and the familiar bolero 'Ouvrez' (first made known to us by Madame Stockhausen), has an original and graceful piquancy which, as all the world knows, is engaging. But the generality of M. Dessauer's songs bear the character of reflection rather than of instinct. Some of them are Gallicized, some Italianized—the one which serves for our text, Anglicized in its forms to a degree which is admirable in a foreigner; but a German mind may be seen at work in all; and it is with reference to this characteristic that our present brief notice is written.

M. Dessauer, in short, appears to us the successor of Schubert: not a copyist, assuredly—because the power of dramatically assuming the character of other lands besides his own, here adverted to as a characteristic, was nowhere shown by the composer of the 'Ave Maria.' Though not an imitator, however, and though by no means so fervid and large in his conceptions, as the greatest of German *lied* writers, there is something akin in the spirit of the two men. On

* We have not been able to turn over this interesting collection (Paris edition), without being struck by the wretchedness of some of the French text, to which the music of M. Dessauer is mated, too forcibly to withhold our note of admiration. What, for instance, can be more hopeless for a composer than such an assemblage of words as the following, from 'Le Fandango'?

Belle Andalouse, aux bruns cheveux,
Viens exaucer mes veux,
Viens partage mes feux,
C'est Alvar, qui t'en prie.
Prends tes castagnettes en main,
Nous essaïrons éfin
Ce fandango divin,
D'Espagne la folie, &c. &c.

There are some who, pointing to the rhymes in Scribe's most dramatic *libretti*, and to the words which the classic Grisly and the brilliant Boieldieu did not disdain to set,—will bid us not to expect impossibilities from a language essentially unmusical. But, in answer, we would refer to the ancient romances and makers of *virelais* (for whom inquire of Miss Costello), or the more modern lyrics of Berger and Desauers, in proof abundant, that such inharmonious platitudes as the above are not a necessary evil. Victor Hugo, too, has done his part, as may be seen by the 'Serenade' from Marie Tudor, so sweetly set by M. Dessauer; by the lyrics in 'Cromwell' (especially Lord Rochester's ballad, 'Un soldat, au sur visage'); and by his Spanish Guitare 'Gastibela,' which, for force, may pair off with Mr. Tennyson's ballad mentioned above, and which, since it was translated by our correspondent (*Athenæum*, No. 683), has been spiritedly set, and magnificently sung by M. Dupre—valuable testimonies all these, that the language of our neighbours is not necessarily prosaic and cacophonous. But we are running into an article where we meant only a note.

subject could not have written the 'Erlkönig'—the first song of its class, and to which we owe hundreds of subsequent ghostly and mysterious ditties; (among others the 'Water King' in the present collection);—but Schubert, in his gentler mood, might have written the descriptive pieces which we know by their French titles as 'Le Mer,' 'L'Aubade'—nor disdained 'Le Voyage de Nuit' and 'Les deux cerceaux.' Then, if M. Dessauer falls short of the energy and startling originality and deep passion of Schubert, he is in one respect above his predecessor. His songs are, on the whole, better singer's music. Many of the works written in Paris have probably been influenced by the Falcon or the Dorus, to whom they were first committed, by whom they were bespoken. His well known Bolero, 'L'Odalisque,' a very operatic translation of our 'Bendameer's Stream,'—and the Fan-dango, belong to that class of show songs, which the uncompromising author of 'Grechen at her Spinning-wheel,' would have died rather than have written—possibly because among the singers of Germany there was no chance of their being executed with the requisite executive finish and brilliancy. One last distinction between the two men remains to be drawn. Schubert, though thoughtful, and inclined to pensive and passionate subjects, was never sickly—was sometimes gay. He could "sing in a rustic way," too, with a quaint and manly sprightliness when it was required, —vide his 'Song of the Mill.' Now, we are not sure that even when most energetic, even when most vocally brilliant, M. Dessauer ever rises wholly clear of languor and sentimentality. There is a certain delicacy (not to call it feebleness) of manner pervading the harmonies, accompaniments, and the main ideas, too, of his compositions, which has a character, a charm, but also a monotony. He is the Chopin of song writers: and should the rumour be true, which pronounces him engaged to produce an opera from the "Académie," we should expect from him a work as different in quality from the splendours of Meyerbeer or the delicious coquettices of Auber, as a strain by Umland from one of Victor Hugo's most elaborate scenes, or of Scribe's liveliest confessions of other men's witticisms. For which reasons we hope the opera aforesaid may come quickly, as the musical world is famishing for want of some individual variety.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

On Monday will be performed, KING JOHN. King John, Mr. Macready; Lady Constance, Miss Helen Faust. Tuesday, LOVE FOR LOVE. Wednesday, OLYMPIA. Thursday, Shakespeare's Tragedy of AS YOU LIKE IT. Jaques, Mr. Macready. Friday, KING JOHN. Saturday, LOVE FOR LOVE. With every Evening, Dryden and Burney's OPERA KING ARTHUR. King Arthur, Mr. Anderson; Oswald, M. H. Phillips; Priest, Mr. Allen; Grimbold, Mr. Streeton; Esme, Mrs. Nisbett; Philidor Miss P. Horton; Cupid, Miss Roder.

DRURY LANE.—The revival of 'Love for Love,' adapted for representation by reducing Congreve's vinous ebullitions of wit and fancy to the condition of flat champagne, has not been so successful as to encourage a similar attempt on other comedies that satirize the frivolity and dissolute habits of a corrupt state of society. Two things are essential to the effect of every stage representation: actors fitted to the characters, and an audience capable of enjoying the entertainment; both which are wanting in this instance. There may be but little more real virtue in the prudish delicacy of the present day, than in the gross indecency of a coarser fashion; but, however lax our morality may be, our taste is more nice than it was; and such comedies as 'Love for Love' could not now be played as written, without shocking our sense of propriety. Not that they are essentially more immoral, or so pernicious, as 'Life in London,' or 'Jack Sheppard,' which have neither wit nor pleasantry to excuse their viciousness; but it would seem that vulgarity and slang exert the same influence now that fancy and elegance did of yore, in reconciling the public to the representation of scenes of profligacy. It is as impossible to extirpate the impurity of Congreve's play by excision as to purge the atmosphere of malaria: the vice is in the blood. Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Forester have delightful representatives in Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Stirling, who did not suffer any false delicacy to check the flow of spirits that gave a lively impulse to every scene in which

they appeared. The retort of Mrs. Frail when her sister produces the bodkin, "where did you find that bodkin?" told with irresistible effect. Mrs. Keeley as the hoyden Miss Prue looked like a girl just let loose from school, and eager to assert her pretensions to womanhood: Miss H. Faust is too modish for the arch Angelica. The male performers did their best to bend their boisterous, rugged, and inflexible style to the task of representing the careless levity and elegant ease of those frivolous personages Valentine, Tatte, and Scandal; and Anderson created much amusement in the mad scene; but it was quite out of their way. Keeley cut a droll figure as Ben, and Compton is as purblind as need be in *Foresight*; nevertheless the mere association of Munden and Bannister in these characters is enough to negative the pretensions of these performers to fill them. Mr. Lambier's deficiencies in *Sir Samson Legend* belong more to himself than the difficulty of the part; while Jeremy wanted Wrench or Charles Mathews instead of Selby. Mr. Hudson may find the part of Tatte in the couplet—
Of amber-lidded snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane—but he has yet to study it.

MISCELLANEA

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Nov. 7.—It was announced that M. Laugier had been able to take observations on the 2nd, 4th, and 5th inst., and to form his calculation of the parabolic elements of the comet. The work of Pingré mentions a comet which was seen in China in 1301, the elements of which, calculated according to the observations of the Chinese, accord in a remarkable manner with the results of the new calculation. It is, therefore, possible that M. Laugier has had the good fortune to record the second passage of a comet, whose period of travelling occupies more than 500 years. A paper on the population of France, by M. Pouillet, was read. It is a *résumé* of the official tables which have been published from time to time, with comments. M. Pouillet notices two facts, derived from the comparison of the census tables which have been published during the present century. One is, that the number of males has all along been smaller than that of the females; the other, that this difference is successively disappearing. The cause of the difference, as regards the early part of the century, would naturally be attributed to the destructive war in which France was engaged, but, according to M. Pouillet, the diminution from this cause was by no means so great as may be generally supposed, and would not of itself account for the disproportion. Another result of the labours of M. Pouillet, affects the calculations on the mean duration of life, taken at different periods. M. Pouillet is of opinion that in all the tables which have hitherto formed the bases of insurance companies, the chances of wars and convulsions have been taken into account to a much greater extent than is proper in the present state of society.—M. Flourens read a paper on the development of the bone.—Nov. 14.—M. Arago communicated to the Academy an application made in the interest of science under the following circumstances. Several members of the Missionary Society having resolved to establish a colony in New Zealand, requested from the Academy instructions for scientific investigations. The Academy listened to the application with attention, and many of the members expressed their satisfaction at seeing religious zeal accompanied by philosophical inquiry. M. Arago stated that this year, on the 12th inst., the shooting stars had been looked for in vain. A further communication was made by M. Laugier, on the comet. M. Laugier announced that on the 15th inst. the comet would be at its nearest point to the earth, from which, however, it would on that day be distant more than seven millions of leagues.—In connexion with this subject, MM. Stanislas Julien and Edouard Blot have sent to the Academy a reply to the request made by the Observatory of Paris, that they would examine the Chinese manuscripts in the King's Library, to ascertain whether any mention was made of a comet resembling that of 1842. They state that the Chinese astronomers discovered what they called a broom-tailed star, in the years 218 and 760, which would give a period of 541 years between the two appearances, and this is the period assigned for the passage of the present comet by M. Laugier.—A statistical paper, on tumours of the breast, was communicated

by M. Tanchou. It is stated that in the department of the Seine 668 persons died of cancer of the breast in 1830, and 889 in 1840. In Paris alone, the number of deaths in 1830, from this disease, was 505, and in 1840 not less than 779. M. Tanchou declares against all kinds of operation and the use of caustics, and proposes compresses externally and the internal use of powders having the property of dissolving tumours. He mentions many cases of improvement from this mode of treatment.

Madeira.—Letters and papers from Madeira give fearful accounts of the ravages occasioned throughout the island by a tremendous storm, on the 15th of last month, which continued till the night of the 26th. Our readers know something of the physical features of the island and its chief town, from Mr. Picken's account of them, which was not long since noticed in our columns (No. 712); and will wonder how a deluge like that with which both have just been visited should have failed to sweep the latter bodily into the sea. No such convulsion has happened in the island since the tremendous visitation of October, 1803, ever since known there by the emphatic name of "*The Flood*,"—when the houses of the town were carried out to sea, and 400 of the inhabitants drowned. The fury of the elements on the present occasion is said to have even exceeded that memorable tempest, though it is believed that the loss of life is far less: indeed some accounts state it to be inconceivably small, considering the wild triumph of the inundation. The reports on the subject are, however, as might be expected in the confusion of the hour, very conflicting. The following loose summary of the mischief done in the city and along the coast, is hastily given:—"At the mouth of the river N.S. do Calhao, a fruit market and a part of a fort, with the entrance to the Praça Academica, are entirely swept away, and the bed of this river, formerly 30 or 40 feet deep, is now filled up with immense rocks and stones brought down from the mountains, which I am afraid, in the present poor state of Portugal, can never be removed. Three rivers flow through the city of Funchal, taking their rise in the mountains, but the river N.S. do Calhao has now been the cause of the greatest part of the disasters, and the houses on its banks that are not swept away will remain untenanted, as the bed of the river is now nearly equal with the streets, and liable at any time to overflow. The news from the interior, or rather the coast—for from the interior we have none—is awful. Half of Machio is swept away, and all the fishing-boats belonging to the village. In the parish of Madalena nearly all the houses and part of the population are gone; in Calheta many houses are washed away. Fayal and Porto Cruz have suffered much, entire vineyards having been swept into the sea. Santa Cruz has suffered less than others; but at Caniço the disasters are great. The excellent road to S. A. de Serra has disappeared altogether, and instead of travelling the distance, as formerly, on horseback in two hours, it must be taken on foot, and a person who arrived from there since the flood was twenty-two hours on the journey. The village of Camacha is in a most deplorable condition; in fact, all the places have suffered more or less, and most of the roads leading from Funchal are utterly impassable." * * We are still without news from the interior of the island, but from all places on the coast the intelligence is truly distressing."

Pekin.—A Russian officer, M. Kovenko, has published in the *Annuaire des Mines de Russie*, a sketch of environs of Pekin—some extracts from which may interest our readers at the present moment. For a century past, Russia has maintained a convent and school at Pekin; where her interpreters receive their education in Chinese and Manchou. Every ten years the members of these two establishments are changed, and fresh monks and pupils are sent from St. Petersburg. During their stay at Pekin, the Russians are free to see all things, and visit all places, without awakening the restless jealousy of the government. Pekin, according to M. Kovenko, is situated in a plain bounded to the northwest by a series of mountains which the Chinese divide into northern and western, according to their position with reference to the city. The northern mountains are a day's journey from Pekin—that being no great distance. For the Chinese never

travel more than five and twenty of our miles in a day. This road, in summer, is very picturesque; and the country highly cultivated. The yellow millet is the Chinese peasant's plant, *par excellence*. Its grain is the basis of his nutriment; the stalk is food for his cattle, in the place of hay, which, they have never thought of cutting. The straw of another species of millet, which attains a height of fifteen feet, is used to make the fences of gardens, and serves also for fuel. Near these northern mountains are some springs, having a temperature of forty-five degrees. The water is conducted, by pipes, into baths cut in the calcareous rock, and lined with sheets of lead. Early in the spring, crowds assemble at this spot, in search of health, or for the mere pleasures of the promenade. The Imperial family has a palace here, and there are several temples in the neighbourhood. In these temples it is that the weary traveller may seek repose; but the hospitality of the priests of Kien-ken and of Dao-i is by no means gratuitous. M. Kovenko asserts, that a few hours' rest will cost about 18 roubles (between 16s. and 17s.), and upwards of 25 roubles are often paid for a day's. A multitude of fruit trees grow in the valleys of these mountains,—as well as willows, firs, juniper-trees, and cypresses; but these do not form forests of any considerable extent. The western mountains are remarkable for the coal which they enclose. So abundant is it, that a space of half a league cannot be traversed without meeting with rich strata. Yet, either because of this very abundance or from the inveterate habit which the Chinese have of leaving all things unperfected, the art of mining is yet in its infancy amongst them. Machinery, to lighten labour, is there unknown. They have not even an idea of the pumps indispensable to draw off the water. If local circumstances allow, they cut drainage-galleries; if not, they abandon the working, when the inundation has gained too far upon them. Their system of ventilation consists in making openings at certain distances, over which they place wheels turned by men. But these wheels, though incessantly in motion, introduce very little air into the mines. The mattock, pick-axe, and hammer are the mining instruments. A furrow is traced with the pick-axe, the mattock is inserted and driven in with the hammer; and, in this manner, lumps of coal are detached, weighing from sixty to eighty pounds. Coal is at a moderate price in the capital. It is burnt in bronze vases,—or its heat is distributed along the wall by means of pipes. These precautions against cold are very necessary at Pekin,—and not the mere consequences of that strange habit which makes the Chinese heat all their drinks—even their wine. It freezes and snows often, and, on the 31st of December, 1820, M. Timkowski found the thermometer there down to twelve degrees below zero.

Geological Remains.—It is mentioned in the *Manchester Guardian*, that during the progress of the works for reclaiming the extensive waste called White Moss, between Middleton and Failsworth, a large number of trees, of enormous magnitude, have been discovered at a depth of about six feet; some of the oaks have been nearly twelve feet in girth, and forty feet in length. Several trees of the oak, fir, and yew tribe have been found to be thoroughly sound, even to the outermost part. Many of the oak trees have proved more tough and flexible than this tree is under ordinary circumstances. A large quantity of the timber has most unquestionably been on fire. It seems that during some remote age, the fossil trees at White Moss have been burnt, for there are examples of the main shaft of these timbers having been consumed. Singular as it may appear, the trees found in this moss have invariably been met with lying in a direction either south-east or due east.

Smithfield Nuisance.—A petition to the corporation is being extensively signed by salesmen and others, in favour of an enlargement of this market—an extension, in fact, of a nuisance that would not be permitted to exist in any other city in Europe.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. W. S.—J. G.—J. J.—B. W. K. received.—Far better processes than those suggested by "A Young Artist" are known to lithographers.—The Society mentioned by R. K. is not at present of sufficient importance to justify a reference or report.

Erratum.—In the Report of the Geographical Society, in our last number, for "Mr. Briest," read Mr. Buist.

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